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ADDITIONS

TO

"MY PRISONS."

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ADDITIONS

TO

"MY PRISONS,

MEMOIRS

OF

SILVIO PELLICO,"

WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF PELLICO.

By PIERO MARONCELLI
OF FORLI.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN, UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF THE AUTHOR.

CAMBRIDGE:
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CONTENTS.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF SILVIO PELLICO . . . 1

ADDITIONS TO THE "PRISONS" OF SILVIO PELLICO 53

I. The Sons of Count Porro . . . 55
II. Melchiorre Gioja 57
III. Maddalena 58
IV. The Pretended Louis the Seventeenth 62
V. Individuals on whom Sentence was passed after the first Trials at Venice . 63
VI. Professors Romagnosi and Ressi . 67
VII. Signor Canova 74
VIII. Speech of One of the Judges on the Day of Sentence 74
IX. Cesare Armari 75
X. Demonstrations of Benevolence . . 75
XI. Confalonieri 78
XII. Brennsuppe 78
XIII. Chains 79

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XIV. Kunda 81
XV. Cherries 82
XVI. Kral and Kubitski 83
XVII. The Wife of the Superintendent . 84
XVIII. Death of Oroboni 85
XIX. Our Confessors, Sturm, Battista, Wrba, Ziak 86
XX. Privation of Books 87
XXI. The Visits 90
XXII. Compulsory Labor 111
XXIII. Sentence of Excommunication; Father Paulowich . . . 114
XXIV. Schiller's God-daughter . . . 119
XXV. Don Marco Fortini 120
XXVI. A Song 121
XXVII. Silvio restored to Liberty . . 125
XXVIII. Conclusion 126

APPENDIX 129
(A.) Notices of Italian History. — Massacre of Prina. — Counts Porro and Confalonieri 131
(B.) The *Conciliatore*. — Cor-mentalism . 145
(C.) Fate of Individuals connected with the *Conciliatore*. — Escape of Count Giovanni Arrivabene with Two Friends. — Arrest of Count Confalonieri . . . 219
(D.) Ceppo Monumentale d' Oroboni . . 230

Sulla creduta Morte di Silvio Pellico . 234
Program of various Works proposed to be published by Piero Maroncelli . . 239
Remembrances 246
Other Poems by Piero Maroncelli . 256
Psalmo Notturno 256
Translation of the Same 260
Psalmo Ante-lucano 264
Translation of the Same 269
"My life is like the summer rose" . 273
Sullo stesso Soggetto 274
"Like southern birds, whose wings of [light" 275
Sullo stesso Soggetto 275

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE

OF

SILVIO PELLICO.

IOGRAPHICAL NOTICE.

consequence of having shared the captivity
at extraordinary man, the author of "My
ns," and of our mutual friendship, cement-
y ten years of suffering and chains, I have
called upon to prepare a few notices of
ife. But I must confess, that M. de La-
* has preceded me with such success as to
me no hope of rivalling him.
esides, the materials of M. de Latour's
were furnished by me, according to my
conceptions and feelings; I cannot there-
state the circumstances differently from
he has done, or present them under an-
aspect. Hence I have necessarily adopt-
is narrative so far as it extends, and have
times borrowed his very words.

The author of the French translation of *Le Mie Pri-*
and of the account of Pellico prefixed to it.

My friend was born in Piedmont, within the walls of the city of Saluzzo, formerly a marquisate. His family was then in good circumstances, and the parents of his father, Signor Onorato, were still living. His father was blessed with other children. Luigi and Gioseffina were born before Silvio saw the light; with him was born a twin sister, who was called Rosina; afterwards Francesco and Marietta completed the charming family of Signor Onorato.

Silvio's mother is a Savoyard, born at Chambery, and she still retains her maiden name, *Tournier*. The traits of that well-known goodness which characterizes the people of Savoy appear in this excellent woman; or rather she comprises within herself all their virtues; virtues that have never failed during the many vicissitudes of a life full of peril. She nursed all her children, and was their first instructer; not in reading only; she taught them good principles, which were enforced by the best examples. This school began early. Signor Onorato had the reputation of belonging to the King's party, and, amid the troubles inevitable when great changes take place in society, he was of the number of the persecuted. He became a fugi-

among the Alps, accompanied by his wife,
was about to be confined,) and followed
is little children. Then it was, that Silvio
irst made acquainted with misfortune, and,
ıe same time, was instructed by the ex-
e of his father in the dignity with which it
ld be borne by a man of true heart. For-
, however, suddenly changed ; the cause
ıe King again prevailed ; Signor Onorato's
e was then considered as a safe asylum ;
those who had been of the opposite party,
ving well the exalted virtue of his chival-
character, took refuge there. Certainly
or Onorato never inquired to what party
e exiles belonged.

erfect purity of manners, hospitality never
sed but always proffered, an uninterrupted
cise of Christian charity, which recognised
neighbour, not only the Christian and the
list, but every one, and especially every
who was unhappy, made the house in
ch Silvio was born and lived, a temple
ed to every social virtue. Here began the
ted love which he ever felt for his parents,
m he was compelled to esteem as the best
uman beings. Religious themselves, and

professing that particular form of religion in which they had been educated, Silvio saw them united by the ties of sincere friendship with others who were honest, but not religious men, and who had adopted atheistic opinions. The children of the family thus learnt tolerance; they never perceived in their parents signs of enmity towards any thing but superstition, fanaticism, and injustice; — nor were those signs unaccompanied by charity toward the superstitious, the fanatical, and the unjust.

His excellent mother was constantly attentive to draw subjects of instruction from the most trifling domestic occurrences. The crown of her many virtues was the manner in which they were exercised. It was distinguished by simplicity, courtesy, and modesty; her services were burdensome, neither to herself, nor to those who were the objects of her kindness. The benefits she conferred appeared to spring up accidentally in the common course of events. Such a school was well adapted to form a character like Silvio's; and when he speaks of his mother, his soul is an incarnate, living hymn of adoration to God as manifested in his creatures.

He suffered much during his childhood.

cely had he recovered from one severe
s, when he was seized by another ; and
physicians believed that he would die at
1 years of age. When he had survived
period, they said ; " He has got through
rst seven, but he will not outlive the second,
ill die at fourteen." That period having
ed and Silvio being still alive, they then
ared that he might live till he was twenty-
but not longer. This third prediction also
d of its accomplishment, though certainly
ealth was not less infirm in his youth than
is infancy.

is ill health afforded scope for the exercise
s mother's sagacity. At one time, before
vas seven years old, when the physicians
priests had left him, entirely despairing of
life, this excellent mother placed herself
le the pillow of her almost exhausted child,
offered to nourish him from her breast.
this means he was immediately revived ; he
ually gained strength, and his recovery
wed. Who will deny that his life was thus
atedly his mother's gift ?

should regard myself as omitting what,
chologically considered, is of the greatest

importance, if in this attempt to illustrate Silvio's character as it now is, I should pass over, without notice, its earliest developements. In them is to be found the primitive and adequate origin of what he afterward became as a man, a poet, a son, and a citizen. I ought then further to mention, that he regarded death, not with indifference only, but with pleasure: it was in his view the end of a severe and cruel struggle; and hence he was led to say when he had arrived at maturity;

"The most delightful day of my life will be that on which I shall die."

A remarkable impression was made upon him, when severely afflicted with disease, by the reasoning of one of his companions, seven or eight years old. The child went up to him and said in a tone of mystery, as if he were telling a secret; "My dear Silvio, do you know that there is no God? If there were a God, it is impossible he should leave you to suffer thus." The boy then appeared quite confounded and almost frightened at having uttered those words.

In the intervals between one illness and another, Silvio and Luigi, his elder brother, pur-

their elementary studies ; and they soon
the assistance of a priest, Don Manavella
name, who instructed them at home, and
ared them for the examinations which after-
took place at the public schools, when
passed from one class to another. It was
a part of their education, to commit to
ory plays or rather detached scenes, which
recited in the presence of friends ; the top
bureau, on which they were mounted, serv-
them both for a stage. These plays, or
ctions from plays, were for the most part
positions of Signor Onorato, who also wrote
lyric verses, in that style which com-
s morality with amusement.

y these sparks what a light was kindled! Lu-
as written good comedies, and Silvio is with-
dispute the first living dramatist of Italy.
could it be otherwise? Silvio was not
years old, or was scarcely ten, before he
mpted to compose a tragedy on a subject
n from Ossian. Cesarotti, that admirable
us, who has infused into the fictions of
pherson so much of his own poetry as to
sform Ossian into an original Italian poet,

Cesarotti was the inspirer of this tragedian of ten years old.

During the time of which I have spoken, Signor Onorato had established a manufactory for winding silk at Pinerolo, where he had gone with all his family, except his aged father and mother, who remained at Saluzzo. From that place he removed to Turin, having received an office from the government. He had been before in the post-office, whether in Pinerolo or Saluzzo I do not know.

In connexion with Silvio's early residence at Pinerolo, M. de Latour refers to that famous prisoner, *The Iron Mask*, and says;

"I imagine, that afterward, when, in the long nights at Spielberg, Silvio called up the image of his happy childhood, the castle of Pinerolo with its strange prisoner recurred more than once to his memory. Who could have anticipated, while the boy was listening to that mysterious tale upon his mother's lap, that he also should one day find himself buried in the dungeons of a fortress, far from his friends, far from his country, under the cold and stormy sky of Moravia."

it is! How often at Spielberg have we
ersed together about the mysterious *Iron*
!

speaking of the infancy of Pellico, I must
omit to mention a very peculiar malady,
ing both his mind and body, to which he
for a long time subject. It was the con-
ence of a fright. Every evening, when it
n to grow dark, he saw strange phantoms
g around him, and, even after the lights
brought, he continued to see them in the
er parts of the room. The irrepressible tears
sobs of the poor boy pierced the heart;
was it possible to soothe him. He was
ing under a sort of waking nightmare.
n his grandmother (an excellent lady) ques-
d him as to the appearance of those ghastly
toms which distressed him so much, his an-
was, "They look like you, grandmama."
remote cause of this fact may perhaps have
the circumstance, that his grandmother pos-
ed the mysterious book of the *Seven Trum-*
and that the boy, already in an excitable
of mind produced by debilitating diseases
by fright, had heated his imagination by

reading during the day that strange and foolish book.

When the republican government was established, the probity of Signor Onorato, not founded upon human laws, but upon the principles of eternal justice, (those principles the adoption of which can alone render any government just, by whatever name it may be called,) caused him to be regarded as the best man under the republic, having before been the best under the King. As the duty of a citizen required, he regularly attended the public assemblies, where, in all he said, he had but one purpose, to promote the public happiness by promoting in a proper manner the happiness of individuals. And this pattern of a good citizen never went alone, but always took with him, notwithstanding their youth, his two little sons, Luigi and Silvio. Thus their education in public justice was completed, their education in those moral sentiments, not less practical than theoretical, which they saw continually operating within the domestic circle and without. A common mind might have thought it idle to carry two little boys to those public meetings. — "What will they understand?" They understood every-

; and, among the many recollections of his
, this has struck such deep roots in the
of Silvio, that he talks of it still, as if
ere listening to the speakers and witness-
heir gestures, and the discussion of public
s were actually going on.

hile at Turin, Silvio continued to pursue
udies with Don Manavella. Here, too, he
comedies with his brother and other chil-
of both sexes, from twelve to fourteen years
e ; — now certainly with something better
stage than the top of a bureau. Thus
d his childhood.

long the boys and girls who joined in these
tions, there was one who was an object of
ular attraction to him. He loved a little
named Carlotta, fourteen years of age,
died shortly after. There are persons of
austere temper, that if they find a trait
ntiment related, they call the narrative a
nce, as if sentiment and poetry were out
ture, and their proper place was only in
. Bad books, however, are those which
ut of nature. Such men will not believe
the memory of this youthful passion was
nt to the mind of the captive of Spielberg,

as the melancholy occupation of his thoughts for hours and days ; and that the anniversary of the death of Carlotta was marked by an address of more than usual interest and fervor to her spirit, for ever blessed in the bosom of God.

Hence it may perhaps be understood, that to a soul so affectionate as that of Silvio, Spielberg was peopled with other forms than those which the bodily eye might discern. Oh ! what pure joy, and what sharp suffering too, did this varied population occasion us ! But it afforded the only means of creating a *mental life*, which had all the vicissitudes of real life, and was divided into a life of study and a life of action.

Our life of study was this. By the assistance of certain mechanical rules, such as any one may easily form for himself, we distributed the objects of knowledge into several classes ; we arranged all that we knew under these different heads, and connected our ideas into such regular series, as served to keep them in memory, and sometimes even to increase our small stock. Thus we formed synopses of different subjects, more or less full, and each of us ran them over in his own mind, except when any one

d the assistance of the memory of his com-
, or desired to be instructed by him in a
t concerning which he was better inform-
One day was regularly set apart to such a
of history, another was given to philoso-
nd others to geography, chronology, math-
s, the fine arts, &c. One day we spoke
nch, another in German, another in Latin,
r in English, according to our respective
edge of those languages.

s, which was only passive study, was al-
erminated by active study. I mean, that
er was capable of it, concentrated his
ts upon one subject, and labored on the
tion of some work, which perhaps he en-
completed, through an intense mental
like that of Newton, who said that he
le to extract the cube root without the
a pen. He who was a poet exercised him-
us, and even made poems. For him who
ot a poet, nor an author of any kind,
ject for active study was not wanting.
was one, common to us, pursued by all,
dy of himself with the intention of mak-
mself better ; a study altogether inde-
t of our respective religious opinions ;

a study to which every one devoted himself by a true philosophic vow, pronounced on the day of his sentence or afterward. It was this:

"We are the victims of misfortune, not of justice. Let it appear that the blow has fallen upon men, and not upon children. Every condition has its duties. The first duty of every unfortunate man, free or in bondage, is to suffer with dignity; the second, to gain wisdom from misfortune; the third, to forgive. Long since, these words were inscribed on our hearts;

'For Justice, Truth, and Liberty, I sigh!'

Shall adversity have power to cancel this inscription? Let us conquer, and not be subdued by it. Should any one of us hereafter see the light, let him bear testimony to those who must perish here; and let our vow be fulfilled without reference to the humanity or inhumanity of him who smites us. Inhumanity shall be to us only an occasion and a stimulus to greater virtue; that virtue let us prepare to attain, and let us rejoice in a necessity which will make us better."

Europe has judged by the work of Pellico, a book of great truths and great omissions, whether

who smote us were merciful or inhuman. in the midst of inhumanity some virtues been seen to spring up in the afflicted, all dare to say; "The credit is due to who smote them"? One who has the nd heart thus to speak, might entitle Nero factor of men, and an apostle of conver- because by his inflictions he increased talogue of steadfast souls.

life of action was this. After the hours d to active and passive study were end- proceeded to arrange in the order of ll the events of our past history, and thus ur lives over again, loving what was good, testing what deserved to be hated, so as forget to love and hate; I mean, to love n; to hate the evil they commit, and to those who commit it. Will it be thought, y recalling the age of infancy, we could come infants again? Oh, how false is inion! Let it be said, that these were h amusements; — the sages who may des- nem could teach nothing more moral or seful. Let it be said, that one must have ntic, poetical, sentimental genius to es- rom the sad surrounding reality, and, in

the midst of present sufferings, to live upon joys called back from the past. Would it then be better to be tormented with spleen, and to become furious, in order to have the satisfaction of saying ; "No, I am no poet ; illusions have no power over me ; these chains are not ornamental decorations ; these boards are not a bed of down ; this water is not wine ; these are but bare walls ; — I am alone, alone with my grief; and there is none to whom I can pour it out ! "

Admirable philosophy ! Excellent orators of reason are ye, while we are poor victims of poetry ! How true is that sublime saying ; "There is one, more to be pitied than he who seems the dupe of all ; it is he who is the dupe of no one."

Let us judge by the results. What good would these orators against delusion secure ? Unfortunate is the prisoner who does not soon fall into a delirium ; he will else become a misanthrope, a devil ; and should he perform an act of virtue, he would say ; "It is not mine ; for, if I have been able to do it, it only proves that my tormentor has left me the ability."

Instead of this, what do the poets obtain ? A life consoled by dear remembrances, a continued union with humanity in bonds of peace, the

of meditation on the past, and faith in
ture. And if they perform any good deed,
re not guilty of the folly or the weakness
nouncing the consciousness of it ; and it is
entiment only which leads to well-doing,
uides us in our progress from one step to
er.

life of action, then, was not a mere chain
ollections, sad or joyful, but a chain of love
kept *Humanity* alive within our hearts ;
t when we returned to her bosom, it was
e who had found her, but she who had
us.

py are those who have been able to ac-
ish so noble a purpose. But certainly, if
urpose be peculiar to poets, the name of
would be only another name for what is
in the highest sense ; and to attain to
s human in the highest sense is the whole
of the soul while connected with clay.

return to Silvio, whom we left at the age
one ceases to be a boy and becomes a
man ; an age in which there is little origi-
the character, in which we cease to be
ing and have not yet become another ; and,

above all, when we are not ourselves, but are imitators.

Let us pass over this period which offers a scantier harvest of observation to the student of mind, than original, self-creating childhood.

The twin sister of Silvio, Rosina, was beautiful as an angel, and, as is said by M. De Latour, "he had loved her from the first with that lively affection which sometimes exists between twins, as if God in the two bodies had put but one soul." A cousin of Signora Pellico-Tournier, established at Lyons, had obtained the hand of Rosina. Her mother and her twin brother accompanied her to France. The former after a short time returned. Silvio remained to drink large draughts from the flood of life with juvenile eagerness. Four years did he struggle in the labyrinth of youth, and he came forth with victory. Yet his recollections of this period were mingled with regret.

An event occurred, that disturbed the ordinary course of his thoughts, his habits, and his studies, which had been devoted to French literature. In 1806, Foscolo's poem, *I Sepolcri*, (The Tombs,) appeared in Italy, and, not long after, it was sent to Silvio by his brother Luigi.

s poem was to him the buckler of Rinal-
* As he read it, he felt himself again an
n and a poet. Yes, again a poet ; for he
knew that he had been one before.
annot describe better, than in the language
De Latour, the creative fever produced in
ind of Silvio by the reading of this poem ;
e of feeling of which he himself has often
me an animated account.
Excited, full of what he had read, he seeks
to mingle with the world ; but the ideas
had seized upon his mind retain their
He seems to listen for new tones from
lip ; to expect to find the *Sepolcri* of Fos-
n every book. You would have said, that
erceived for the first time that our language
French) has something of rudeness, and
our atmosphere wants the purity of an Ital-
ky ; Italy seizes upon all his thoughts, it
sses his whole soul. His friends are aston-
; they inquire of him the cause of his
ial abstraction, of a melancholy which they
not seen in him before. He tells them
emotion, that there is on the other side of

[* M. De Latour. See Tasso, Cant. XVII.]

the Alps a poet, whose verses produce the longing of an exile for his native land. They wish to be informed concerning this poet, they ask his name, they urge him to translate some of his verses. The young man opens the magic book, and in animated, ardent, highly colored prose, improvisating a translation of a fragment of the poem, inspires those who hear him with his own enthusiasm."

His studies immediately received a new direction, which continued till his return to his country. This was, I think, in 1810, when all his family were together at Milan. Signor Onorato was the head of a department under the Minister of War, and his brother Luigi a secretary to the Grand Equerry of the Kingdom of Italy, the Marquis Caprara of Bologna. We may suppose that his little sister Marietta then formed her first acquaintance with him ; — that sister, who, when he became a captive, withdrew herself from the world and its concerns to end her days in a convent.

Here the early domestic piety and love, the influence of which we have traced in his childhood, resumed all their power ; and here his studies took a higher flight. He became profes-

f the French language in the College of
ry Orphans, and was occupied for an hour
daily in the duties of his office ; the rest
day he could devote to the creations of
nius. Milan, during the reign of Napoleon,
uly the Athens of Italy ; and two individu-
ho did both good and evil, divided the em-
f letters. In my Essay on the *Conciliatore*,*
e described the characters of Monti and
lo. Silvio was, of course, acquainted with
Both received him kindly. Monti, who
ut little persistency, was always at peace.
lo, whose will was strong, was always at
His soul sighed for liberty, nor did he
ve that he made himself the slave of earth.
as a living contradiction, yet always full of
y, through which he could not fail to make,
er obliquely, some advance. He called
o reverence the sepulchres of the dead ;
attempting to establish this reverence, he
yed it, by taking away all which gives hope
death, the doctrine of immortality. He
a true Nebuchadnezzar's statue, beauti-
nd colossal, but with feet of clay. The

[* See the Appendix to this volume.]

first stone which, displaced by the wind from the mountain-top, fell and struck against it, overthrew the colossus and it was broken to pieces. And Ugo felt that its base was of clay; and it is this which shows him to have been a great man. Hence he presaged its fall; hence arose that internal warfare, which in all his relations, literary and political, continually tormented him; and caused him often to be condemned by the vulgar, who could not estimate his noble though unsuccessful efforts, as a mere knight-errant in philosophy and the arts. How we are constrained to respect the picture of his moral misery, which he gives in his *Didimo Chiérico** (Didymus, the Clerk). How high he rises above all contemporary pretenders to eminence in Italy. True, Ugo and those pretenders were all covered with sores and lying on a dunghill; but he was the only Job among them who mourned over his evils, and for him alone was there hope of cure. The others, always blind, always under enchantment, were in a state of inextinguishable laughter, like the gods of Homer, and

---

[* The Introduction to his translation of Sterne's "Sentimental Journey."]

their academies were styes of Circe, in
they took the form of swine, they believ-
mselves to be on Olympus, and as beau-
s Apollo. It is another great honor to
lo, that he was not swallowed up by the
tide around him ; but rose in the midst, a
isthmus leading to a continent, where hu-
may find an honorable resting-place and
al abode.

ermit, a prophet, having the knowledge
l, like Enoch and Elijah, had raised him-
gh in air, leaving the corruptions of Italy
h him, and was as it were the voice of
rovidence, which counsels and advises, but
o force upon our will, which

" Cum summâ reverentiâ *disponit* nos."

s Ippolito Pindemonte ; who said to Fos-
" You are in error, but you are better
ose you correct ; you will lead them into
way ; I am out of their track ; there
o means of communication between me
em, as there are between them and you."
lemonte is evidently to be regarded as the
sor of Pellico ; but they scarcely saw each
and lived at a distance. It will readily

be believed, that of the two paths into which the course of Italian literature diverged, Pellico did not choose the one which conducted to the giddy academies of Circean enchantments, but rather the rough and desert path of the great genius whose voice could, even at Lyons, touch his heart, and rouse him from his slumbers. They were friends, and justly so. His brother Luigi had before enjoyed the friendship of Foscolo, as had also that other noble genius (my fellow-citizen) who still languishes in the dungeons of Spielberg.

I cannot here repeat the beautiful language with which M. De Latour describes that religious anxiety which he, in common with us all, has felt when approaching the threshold of a great man. His description is dramatic, is true. But Silvio *knew* what Monti was ; he also *knew* what Foscolo was. I believe that, if he had been transported to Verona, he would have touched the hand of Pindemonte as something holy ; nor would he have been less affected by the sight of Ludovico di Breme, had his fame risen to the height of his merit. But the discovery of each other's character was the result of close observation in both ; and hence followed

respect, but respect such as springs from
firms the love of brothers.
while, Monti who was courteous, and
n his courtesy, urged Silvio to visit him ;
on his doing so, made without reserve an
linary communication to him. He dis-
o him his manner of working ; putting
hands a vast farrago, an immense ward-
n which he had collected the literary
of past ages ; or, as M. De Latour de-
it, "a Babel of poetry, in which were
ogether all languages and all times; a
ctiona y of poetic thoughts, where each
l its class and page with every variety
lations and metaphorical expressions of
his was to Monti the source, not only of
ginal inspiration to which the contempla-
the best models may give birth, but
of that perfection in details which is
by the blending together of words and
Monti, perhaps, thought himself imi-
he ancient sculptor, who, in forming his
borrowed a grace from each of the
beauties of Athens ; but he forgot that
of design, always more or less bound
reality, by the material through which

they express themselves and by which they are limited, demand, in the visible presentation of the conception which is their soul, a rigorous exactness to which a model is essential. It is not so with poetry. In this, the conception creates, if I may so say, the language of its external form, and shapes it to itself. Silvio was confounded at the sight of this receptacle of talent ;" — or compilation, as it might be called, *of the leaves of the poetic Sibyl.*

Silvio frequently visited Foscolo ; but did not in consequence take any part in the various deplorable contests between him and Monti, nor side with the adherents of either. He freely expressed his agreement or disagreement with any disputant ; but he went no further. Having done this, his words and actions only tended to reconciliation.

Monti was one day sitting in the Verri coffee-house. This place may well be named here, since a period of our literary history takes its name from it, and since our southern manners make a coffee-house a sort of general exchange, where political and literary credit, as well as other kinds of credit, rises and falls. Nor would it be extravagant to call our coffee-houses, by

metaphor, the representative chambers,
and municipal, of those Italian states,
re under an absolute government. At the
ientioned, Silvio met Monti. The hostil-
veen his partisans and those of Foscolo
en at its height. Monti entered into an
nt with Silvio, whom he rightly esteemed
diced. "What," said he; "will you
hat Foscolo is my enemy and decries
How ungrateful! Who has been the
f his rising into credit but myself? His
i never would have been heard of, had I
nounced it sublime; and I might by a sin-
d throw it back into the obscurity whence
it." Silvio answered; "Softly, my dear
it is true that you were the cause that
polcri was highly esteemed. It is a fact
oes honor to your critical judgment,
when you follow the impulses of your
lways leads you to act nobly. But could
a word consign the *Sepolcri* to obscu-
You do not think so; or your critical
nt deceives you, as it has done often.
uld not, if you would, do away what you
one, because those whose eyes you have
, now, thanks to you, themselves see the

light, and judge of colors as well as you. Before you had unsealed their eyes, you might have made them affirm after hearing the sound of a trumpet, 'That is scarlet, we know;' but this cannot now be done. As for saying that he is your enemy and decries you, I know to the contrary. I know that he is the enemy of your enemies; and that, in this very coffee-house, in the room where we are sitting, he gave a sharp rebuke to one, who with the purpose of flattering him, spoke disrespectfully of you."

Monti struck his forehead with his hand, saying; "And yet I have been able to forget him!" He went away much moved, and confessed that a base and malignant set had intruded between him and Foscolo, men who could hope for literary existence only by feeding on the crumbs which fell from the tables of those who, had they been united, would have had no occasion to support such satellites.

Meanwhile Silvio labored incessantly by himself. For, among the many plagues which then prevailed in Italy, one was, that if an author yet undistinguished showed his productions to a man of celebrity, they were at once considered as dictated, re-fashioned, re-made, by the latter.

it for those whose works had the greatest
. So much the less were they thought
ne real authors of those works. Nor was
nion without foundation. It was only
at the satellites just mentioned maintain-
r literary existence. But how was one,
heir number, to escape the imputation of
so? Nothing remained for the noble-
few but to labor alone.

i had often said to Silvio; "You are
ted with the English language; come
let us translate the whole of Byron, and
sion shall bear the names of both." But
influenced by a thousand considerations
acy, did not feel that he ought to engage
rk which would take from him the free
his powers, and in which the exchange
equal. Certainly the labor would have
lmost wholly upon him, and the credit
een given almost wholly to the other.
complained of this refusal, and likewise
Silvio had not consulted him before pub-
his *Francesca* and *Eufemio*; and Silvio
gave him the satisfactory reasons for
luct.

But on what did Silvio labor? On a tragedy upon a Grecian subject, Laodicea. But between 1810 and 1812, there appeared in a small theatre of Milan, (Santa Radagonda, — now no longer in existence,) a young girl, named Carlotta Marchionni, from twelve to fourteen years old, who became the first actress of Italy, both in tragedy and comedy; and Silvio, inspired by her pale and expressive countenance, was led to portray the love of Francesca and Paolo, which from the stormy circle of Dante's Inferno comes to pay sad visits to the early years of every Italian scholar. He composed his tragedy, and gave it to Foscolo to read; who the next day said to him; "Listen to me; throw your *Francesca* into the fire. Do not let us call up the spirits of the damned from Dante's Inferno. They will frighten the living. — Throw it into the fire and bring me something else." Silvio brought him his *Laodicea*. "Ah this is good," said Foscolo; "go on in this course."

Silvio, obeying that great law of taste, which makes the true artist conscious of the beautiful in his productions, (even when through the prejudices of some school it is not yet acknowledged by more practised critics,) preserved

ncesca, and burnt or entirely suppress-
Laodicea.

years after Carlotta appeared again at
a full-grown woman, acknowledged to be
a rival in her art. She performed at
al theatre. Silvio and Ludovico Breme
cquainted with her; and the neglected
ca, which lay covered with dust in the
the author, was brought to light, the
haracter being played by Carlotta. Its
ance was repeated at Naples, Florence,
almost all the theatres of Italy, with
tly increasing interest.

government of Napoleon was overthrown.
mily of Silvio returned to Turin, where
Onorato was called to the direction of a
ent under the Minister of War. Silvio
emained at Milan, domesticated in the
of Count Briche, — where he received
expression of esteem and affection, — as
tructer of a youth of the best promise,
Odoardo, whom he loved as a son. Af-
ls he removed into the family of Count
o form the hearts and minds of his two
ys, Mimino and Giulio. One day Odo-
ne to visit him; he was melancholy, or

rather something appeared to weigh upon his mind. He inquired for a book, but seemed as if he wished to have some further communication. Silvio was with visitors from whom he could not disengage himself, and said to him; "Go into the library and take it; do you wish for any thing beside?" Odoardo answered, "No," and went away. He proceeded to a country-house belonging to his father at Loreto, which is just out of Milan, where, saying that he would go a shooting, he asked for a fowling-piece, and was found dead. The next day his father and Silvio, upon receiving the news, hastened thither, and found him bathed in his blood. He was as beautiful as an angel. This event took its place in the mind of Silvio among those solemn occurrences, which contributed to sadden his life.

In 1815 – 16 Ludovico Breme was desirous of bringing upon the stage a drama written by himself, called, if I do not mistake, *Ida*; and the care of it was intrusted to Carlotta Marchionni, who was then at Mantua. Ludovico made a visit to that place, and Silvio accompanied him. In the fortress at Mantua were confined the celebrated physician Rasori, Colonel Gasparinetti, and the others involved in the Ghislieri prose-

in 1815, of which I have spoken in an-
part of this volume. Silvio, during the
y of Rasori, had been a father and in-
to his daughter ; and finding himself at
, he earnestly pressed for leave to visit
Count Giovanni Arrivabene used all the
in his power to obtain this permission for
nd ; and it was at last arranged that Silvio
should have an interview with the gen-
ho was commandant of the fortress. This
earted German, a man very rigid in his
ne, but of honorable feelings, said to him,
hat do you want of Rasori ? "
wish to consult him as a physician."
hat is your complaint ? "
affection of the breast."
affection of the breast ! An affection of
ast ! " And as he spoke he laid his hand
ne breast of Silvio, adding ; " This affec-
the breast is friendship ! It is friend-
" And his voice faltered as he spoke, as
one deeply moved. The good old man
dead. May God reward him for permit-
iends to give and to receive consolation
each other. Silvio was admitted into the
s, and saw and conversed with Rasori ;

certainly without having the thought pass through his mind, that he himself should one day be in confinement, — a confinement much more severe, — and that no one of his old friends, either through favor or by address, would be able to pass the inexorable gates of Spielberg. Yet may it not be said, that when he found Schiller humane, when he saw tears in the eyes of those who were ministers in our sufferings, — tears protesting as it were against the severity of their office ; — these consolations, — truly divine consolations ! — were a recompense conferred on him, who while life was in its flower, had thought on one buried in affliction.

He returned to Milan, and continued to reside from that time in the house of Count Porro, which was frequented by all the most distinguished men of science and art in the country, and by all the most distinguished travellers who visited Italy. There he saw and conversed with Madame de Staël and Schlegel, who served as a medium of communication between the leaders of German and Italian literature. There he saw Lord Byron and Hobhouse, who in the same manner brought into connexion our literature and that of England. There he met with Davy,

am, Thorwaldsen, and many others. It be said that Dante and Shakspeare, h and Schiller, poetry and science, the and the patriot, came together to hold intercourse in this temple of Upper where Silvio was the priest.

had translated Byron's *Manfred*. Byron ed to see the manuscript of *Francesca*, as yet had only been acted, not printed. it, and, two days after, upon returning , "Do not be displeased, if I have trans-." He had translated it in verse. "You have given a translation of *Manfred* in said he. But Silvio thought differently. opinion this could not be done, at least in language as the Italian, without adding ing away so much, as to substitute an- ork for the original. In 1819, Ludovico procured the publication of an edition of *ca* and the translation of *Manfred* in one

year after, 1820, Pellico wished to pub- other tragedy, *Eufemio da Messina*; but tered many obstacles from the censor- While the subject was under discussion n, the sons of Porro, who had transcribed

it, gave a copy to their father, without the knowledge of Pellico, in order that he might procure its publication elsewhere. This was done ; but at last the printing of it was permitted even at Milan, upon condition that it should not be acted. During the interval between these two publications, Silvio gave his assistance to another great undertaking, which even to this day has found no critic bold enough justly to appreciate its merits, such is the state of servitude into which Italy has been sinking deeper and deeper. This undertaking was the journal entitled *The Conciliator*. But, in order to form a just estimate of it as a whole, not only should the journal itself be read, but the character of the society that conducted it should also be well understood. The associates met three times a week in the house of Porro ; Silvio was the secretary, the undertaking having been commenced principally at his suggestion, and through the impulse given by him. They were aware that there was much which the government would not permit ; though they could not anticipate all the restrictions actually imposed. Hence this society operated not merely in the journal, but out of the journal ; not merely in writing, but in con-

on. It educated, or at least prepared, a
ace of authors; not so much by its pub-
ns as by the other various modes of in-
e exerted by such a circle of men; so
ts most important and characteristic re-
being those which were incidental, can be
lly represented only by one who lived in
idst of it. Its spirit was developed in
ations distinct from the journal; in the
orks of Hermes Visconti, one, "On the
tic," and the other, "On Style"; in one
chet in his "Evenings with my Uncle the
," and another of Manzoni, "On Dra-
Poetry," a masterpiece, yet unpublished.
however well the Conciliators thought that
knew what would be permitted them by
vernment, how often were they deceived!
y be sufficient to mention that a person
yed in the Court of Appeal was directed
e President of that court to discontinue
g in the journal under penalty of losing
ice; and that another excellent individual
epeatedly called before the police, and
old by Signor Villata that, if he did not
e his tone in the articles laid before the
ship, (those presented had been regularly

rejected or mutilated,) the police would be obliged to request him to remove from Lombardy. The author, who was thus criminated, replied; "What then is my offence? There is a police, initiated in the whole science of government, that alone with its censors of the press knows the limits which must not be passed. We who are uninitiated lay before you, as our labors, what in our ignorance flows from our pens. It can poison no one, for you, as moral surgeons, cut away without mercy whatever appears to you infected. Our articles pass through your Purgatory, and, when they come out from it, are like angels of Paradise. It is this which gives me confidence when I write; and instead of racking my brains in idle conjectures about what you will expunge or leave, I exhaust my subject as far as I can, in the assurance, that, if any thing displeases you, you will have the goodness to strike it out."

Notwithstanding the reasonableness of this protest, such threats were repeated; and the process of excision to which the articles were subjected, was carried so far, that the contributors to the work, not being able to fill its numbers, separated in despair. Thus it appears,

e *Conciliator*, as seen by the public, was
ent thing from what had been prepared,
t its spirit is not to be sought in the por-
thought which was published, but in that
is traditional. Its authors composed a
both political and literary ; its censors
ed all the political part and mutilated the
. I have given its twofold profession of
ith all openness in a critical essay insert-
this work ; in which I have also spoken
Francesca and *Eufemio* ; but only in a cur-
anner ; as the dramatic works of Silvio,
r with his other poetry, epic and lyric,
published and partly unpublished, demand
rate examination in order fully to exhibit
aracter of their author.

s dramas, in his other works, and in his
and actions, the ruling sentiments of Sil-
ve always been, family love, the love of
country, the love of man. We have seen
e various germs from which they sprung
mplanted in his breast during childhood,
uld not fail to bear fruit ; they grew amid
ars and sports of the boy, and became
ligion of his public and private life. All
different forms of charity sprung from one

universal sentiment, more deep than all, and into which all in their turn were resolved. This charity, deprived of the power of action, caused his torture in the prison of Spielberg ; this charity in action was the inspiration of the poet when at liberty.

To form anew the national character of Italy upon sound principles of metaphysics and taste, was in the view of Breme, while he lived, — and is regarded by Silvio, the heir of his noble heart and high genius, — by the author of *Cormentalism*, and by others whom it would be imprudent to name, — not only desirable, but indispensable. With us it is a fundamental principle, that Italy will be enslaved as long as her children are ignorant and selfish ; and that ignorance and selfishness will prevail as long as the ruling philosophy is materialism. This destiny which I predict for Italy, I predict for the world. Every other means of regeneration is violent and will not last. Violence, whether exercised by the good to implant what is good, or by the bad for an opposite end, is equally transient in its effects. How, for example, could another form of government be given to Austria, so long as people do not feel that they are deprived of any

while their sense of dignity is not offend-
d while the mildness of the shepherd, who
hem every day to pasture and brings them
at night to the sheepfold, is blessed by
s if it were paternal solicitude ? All de-
upon the key-note which has been struck.
is be changed in Austria, till public opin-
reformed, it would be madness to endeav-
make that country other than what it is, —
dness, as Silvio has expressed it, of im-
one's self to have to do with another
living in a different age. The alteration
e violent, and would not last.

aly the noble tribune from which a change
ion might have been expected was closed.
was," says M. De Latour, "a cruel day
t brilliant school at Milan, when, its dis-
n being resolved upon, each of its mem-
dly returned to his solitary studies. Sur-
d by the literary world of its own crea-
t might have viewed itself for a moment
oung and free Italy by the side of the
old and conquered.

e citizens of this imaginary country were
g allowed to dwell on so many vanished
The shock of the Neapolitan revolution

was felt throughout Lombardy. Arrests took place. The proclamations of the Austrian government against secret associations were not warnings to the members of such societies; they were denunciations immediately carried into effect. New arrests were made, and, at this time, of individuals from the ranks of the *Conciliator.*"

Oh how seasonable was the death of Ludovico Breme! How much suffering was he spared! Silvio went to Turin to attend his dying friend; he remained there about a month; and for some days the health of Ludovico was better. During this interval, when there appeared a prospect of its being established, Silvio returned to Milan. Shortly after, on the 15th of August (1820), Ludovico was no more. On the 2d of September, Silvio left Pavia in a steam-boat for Venice. The occasion of this journey is related elsewhere in this volume. He returned to Milan, came to my house, and was told that *Piero was arrested.* He had promised Count Porro to attend to some family concerns of his at Balbianino upon the Lake of Como. He went there calmly, and calmly returned to Milan, where some one whispered in his ear, *The officers of police are in search of you.* He answered,

now where I live; I shall go and wait for He went, and found them in waiting. His , including his poems, tragedies, and let- ere seized, and he was requested to follow o the Santa Margherita. He went of his ccord, but did not return. It was on the f October, 1820.

ıt," says M. De Latour, " before inflict- is blow, and as it were to aid him in ting his misfortune, Providence provided ith a friend. There was at that time in inting establishment of Nicholas Bettoni, ıg man from Forlì, gifted by nature with ouble inspiration of poetry and music ; as Piero Maroncelli. It is, I avow, with reliest emotion, that I here write for the ime the name of one who suffered so in company with Silvio Pellico. To him indebted for the greater portion of the comprised in this account. He had ar- at the end of his touching recital with- ving said one word of himself, without ; informed me whence arose this fraternity il, so sacredly preserved through all the es of imprisonment ; and upon my calling tention to the fact, I read in his look of se something which seemed with infinite

sweetness to say, that, in giving this account of his friend, he thought he had said every thing necessary about himself.

"Their first introduction took place at the residence of that celebrated Marchionni, whose name is associated with the earliest literary fame of Pellico. An animated discussion upon a system of music first made them known to each other, and thus it might almost be said, that the foundations of their friendship were laid in a dispute; but it was one of those noble discussions about art from which two such spirits understand each other entirely. When Maroncelli arose to take leave, Silvio followed him; they walked some distance together, and before parting had already formed an unchangeable friendship. It may seem as if a presentiment of their common misfortunes had taught them beforehand the importance of securing the solace of friendship for the sad days which were to come. They made haste to love each other, that they might be prepared to share each other's sorrows, when the hour for it should arrive.

"Piero Maroncelli was arrested the 7th of October, six days before his friend."

At this point of time the narrative of Silvio commences, and I refer the reader to him.

RISON OF SANTA MARGHERITA, AND THE PRISONS AT VENICE.

'A Margherita, anciently a nunnery, stands centre of the city of Milan, between the *della Scala* and the *Piazza de' Mercanti.* the nunnery was suppressed, the building ed for the General Office of Police. With connected a long range of cells appro- to different purposes ; some for individ- harged with various crimes ; some for apprehended as unlicensed prostitutes ; hers for persons who had been accused n suspected of a political taint. In 1820, ls for the latter class not being sufficient nber, others were constructed, all placed ground floor ; so damp, that the greater f the prisoners of state lost their hair ; k, as to occasion diseases of the eyes, en- ing the sight ; so gloomy, fetid, and com- s, that they were named *Dante's dens* and ; and the worst of all, where lay the Frederigo Confalonieri, was called the *maxima.*

These names made a part of the dialect used by the prisoners of state among themselves to guard their conversation from the danger of ill-disposed listeners.

In a book that treats of imprisonments, and especially considering the occasion on which those new cells were built, — for prisoners of state, — it may not be useless to describe their construction. Hence a comparison may be made between the political jealousy of barbarous times and that which exists in this age of civilization. It will be seen how the torch of improvement, having fallen into evil hands, has lighted the way to evil inventions; a fatality to which whatever is most excellent and holy is exposed; for man, who can ennoble or profane any thing, may make it an instrument of his purposes.

The famous prisons of the Republic of Venice, the *Pozzi*, (the Wells,) the *Piombi*, (the Leads,) and the dark dungeons of the Bridge of Sighs, are known to every traveller, and I may almost speak of myself as having been a tenant of all. They are all constructed in the same manner. There is an outer and an inner door, sometimes of double planks of oak, sometimes of double plates of iron. In some, the

g is not more than three feet in height, one cannot enter without stooping. The re of blocks of stone, three or four feet both the inner and outer walls having ickness. It was the case not merely ıe Wells, in which I was not confined, h the other cells, such as I have de-, that the water of the surrounding La-›rced its way into them, penetrating the nd rising through the floor. Every kind ısome insect was there.

window opening through the thick wall cured by three or four gratings of large yet through these the solitary prisoner see the heavens and the sun; he might ›t below him, but at a distance, houses uares and men and other living, or at oving, objects. Behind him was the door, novable and silent door, which yet seem-ecure to the captive, and to be the only hat did secure to him, a certain degree pendence. "I may do," he could say, I will. I may laugh, or I may weep, oose; I may bless or I may curse; my ts will remain my own, and not become ey of an informer, ready to bring a

criminal charge against me. Nay, I can dash my head against the bars, the stone walls, or the door, and then farewell to all state-trials, farewell to physical and moral torture. I am not yet wholly a captive ; my powers are called forth in a struggle, in which it depends upon myself whether I shall conquer or suffer myself to be conquered."

Such were the ancient prisons of political jealousy. Let us see what improvements were made in the new. The window was grated as before ; but beyond the bars there was no free opening to the air, no view of the heavens or the sun, of men or things ; nothing but a box of wood, close at the sides and in front, and only admitting air and light from above, a faint and deceptive light, and air still less refreshing. The door was no longer the immovable, silent door, which seemed to secure some independence to the captive ; it was a frame of wood, filled with panes of glass, and we were there within, like diamonds in an open setting. Beyond the glass was a blind, and upon this blind rested the nose of a *gendarme*, a spy upon every thing we did.

ch was the construction of the new cells
risoners of state, that were attached to those
nta Margherita in Milan, in the year 1821,
g the reign of Francis the First, Emperor
ustria.

ADDITIONS

TO THE

RISONS" OF SILVIO PELLICO.

ADDITIONS

TO THE

RISONS" OF SILVIO PELLICO.

I.

THE SONS OF COUNT PORRO.

See Chapter VIII.

N I not bear witness to the many tears you
for those dear children and for their fath-
Can I not also bear witness to your sighs
rayers for them, during that severe illness
brought you to the verge of the grave ?
n you were scarcely recovered, their names
on your lips ; and, two years after, when
condemned Milanese arrived at Spielberg,
rst wish of your heart was to learn what
ers of your family were yet living ; that
v included your parents, brothers, sisters,
t Porro, and the dear children Mimino and
. These children, as you know, became
also to me. I first became acquainted with
only a few months previous to our arrest ;

yet they were already fondly attached to me. Dear Mimino and Giulio ! you saw me so seldom, that perhaps you preserve no remembrance of the fellow-captive of your Silvio ; you were at that age when the impression of events, and the sentiments they awaken, are easily effaced by the rapidity of their succession ; and the youthful mind is too fully occupied, to be able to retain them all permanently.

I recollect, that, whenever I came to your house to see Silvio, you stole quietly away to the garden or the green-house, and, gathering a few sprigs and flowers, you asked old Angiola for a silken thread to tie them together ; then you came to the pavilion where we were seated, concealing behind you the pretty gift, till you had reached my side, when you offered it to me, saying ; "This is for yourself, and this is for the one you love best." — Now you are men ; but surely you will not despise these reminiscences of your childhood. And may you never forget your distinguished preceptor ; he espoused a holy cause, and never was unfaithful to it, even amidst the most acute and protracted sufferings. The noblest moral legacy that Silvio, your second parent, can bequeath you, his adopted children, is — *his example.*

II.

MELCHIORRE GIOJA.

See Chapter X.

LCHIORRE GIOJA, the strongest-minded po-
economist that Italy, or perhaps any other
ry, has produced during the present age,
lso a man of general erudition. His nu-
is works form an imperishable monument,
he has raised to his country's honor and
vn.

gentle girl, Bianca Milesi, lavished all the
ions of a daughter on the venerable old
during the whole period of his imprison-
Having finished, while in confinement,
say *Delle Ingiurie*, he published it imme-
y after his release, and, as a mark of
ude, dedicated it to this excellent young
n, who had greatly contributed to his lib-
n. Gioja belonged to the Society of the
liatore.

III.

MADDALENA.

See Chapter XI.

My cell was the other side of the arch, terminating the gallery on which Silvio was lodged, being on one side of the court in which were the hospitals. It was numbered eleven ; Maddalena's was numbered nine. Twice a week, permission was given to all the tenants of number nine, to go into the gallery to take the air for fifteen or twenty minutes. This gallery being less exposed to observation than that of Silvio, the *secondino* was not obliged to watch it so rigidly, and the unknown singer of the Litany once approached my window, and said in a low voice ; "Good evening." I was reading ; I raised my eyes, and saw a young creature, who to me appeared beautiful. Her head was inclined over one shoulder, her cheek was somewhat pale, and her eyes expressive and melancholy. She seemed awaiting an answer to her kind salutation. I replied with mingled sadness and pleasure ; "Oh good evening ! " and

one of my voice was meant to express, am sure did express ; — "And how, kind ire, were you inspired to grant me a sight u ! the sight of a woman ! a beautiful, com- nate woman ! "

Who are you, poor young man ? " she said. The charge against me relates to politics."

arbonarism ? "

es."

h God ! " — she sighed profoundly, as if ould have foretold to me the train of woes nust follow.

an I render you any service ? I have liberty than you ; do you understand

h yes, I understand, and would beg ."

peak, — speak, — I will do it with pleas- f it be possible."

as on the point of saying, " *Bring me a* " I checked myself. It was not that I any personal risk, nor certainly that I sted the expression of her countenance, so f sympathy ; but it seemed to me impru- o expose her, myself, and others. I had ed no reply from Silvio, the old man had

not again appeared, and though I did not know that evil had befallen either, I suspected it might be so, and wished to avoid the possibility of its recurrence. I changed the conversation.

"Well! you wished to ask something of me; — you are distrustful, — or you may think me unworthy?"

"Poor girl! no, — no, — on my honor!"

The gentle reproof awakened so much remorse for having excited these doubts in her, that I felt myself constrained to make some reparation; and, extending my hand through the bars, I offered it to her, she pressed it, and I was relieved.

"You often sing," said she, "and your songs appear to me so beautiful! — How gladly would I learn them!"

"They have two great faults," I replied. They are too long and too melancholy. For me they are fitting, for I must accustom myself to long-continued suffering. I shall never see the world again."

"What, never?"

"Go in! go in!" cried one of the *secondini;* and she, knowing the brutality they sometimes showed, when not promptly obeyed, had only time to give me one sad and thoughtful glance.

e mingled pleasure and pain, which this
e apparition caused me, is indescribable.
nother rose before me, — my sisters, and
other excellent women whom I had known,
I felt a premonition that I was torn from
for ever. I had been lost in these rev-
for two hours, when (it was now eight
ck) I heard a voice call, "Number elev-
" I did not reply, and it repeated, "Elev-
leven!"

Who calls me?"

he of number nine, who bids good night
mber eleven."

return it with all my heart; God bless
"

Oh! God bless us all!"

never saw her afterwards. Probably be-
this slight favor of taking the air for fif-
or twenty minutes cost each time a small
of money, which was more than the poor
ould pay; but, from that evening forward,
rs at eight o'clock she called to *number*
, to wish him health, patience, and sweet
!

IV.

THE PRETENDED LOUIS THE SEVENTEENTH.

See Chapter XIX.

I KNEW a young girl at Bologna, who attended Louis the Seventeenth, as he called himself, during his illness, and to whom he confided the secret of his rank. I knew this some time previous to my arrest, while yet pursuing my studies at the University. Could I then have believed that we should soon be fellow-prisoners under the Austrian government? I heard much of him from the Milanese prisoners of state, who succeeded us in the prisons of Santa Margherita; he was known to all of them. I recollect that Signor Angiolino used to say to me, after his conversations with Louis; "I hope that, when he is King, he will at least make me his chief porter; indeed, I have already had the frankness to ask it, and he the goodness to promise it to me."

V.

IDUALS ON WHOM SENTENCE WAS PASSED AFTER THE FIRST TRIALS AT VENICE.

See Chapter XLVII.

REE or nearly four years before our im-
ıment, forty or fifty persons were arrest-
ome at Ferrara, and some in the Polesine
ovigo, under an accusation of Carbonarism.
cchetti of Fratta,
. Caravieri of Crispino,
ıaldi of Bologna,
e Marquis Canonici of Ferrara, and nine
s, were condemned to death ; and the pun-
ent was afterwards commuted for some to
and for others to six years of severe im-
ıment in the castle of Laybach.
e following persons were condemned to
, and the punishment of a part was after-
s commuted to twenty years of severe
sonment at Spielberg, and of the rest to
ı :
e advocate Felice Foresti, prætor at Cris-
in the Polesine ;

The advocate Antonio Solera, prætor on the Lake of Iseo ;

Costantino Munari of Calto ;

Giovanni Bachiega of Gambarare ;

The priest Don Marco Fortini ;

Antonio Villa ;

Count Antonio Oroboni. The last three were from Fratta in the Polesine.

Foresti, Munari, and Solera alone were told, that the sentence of death would be executed upon them. A senator, Signor M..... came expressly from Verona to Venice, and announced this intelligence to each one in particular. After having allowed them, for some time, to suffer the distress that must follow, he produced an autograph note from the Emperor, commencing with the loving words,

"Dear Peltnitz."

Peltnitz was President of the Senate, and the Emperor wrote to him to remit the sentence of death to these three persons, on the sole condition of their consenting to make important disclosures. The proposal being made to them, all three replied ; "Then we must indeed suffer the penalty of death, for we have nothing to disclose."

be it then," answered the senator: the
te Solera smiled.
hy do you smile?"
cause I do not believe you."
ou do not believe me? you do not believe
mperor's handwriting. This want of re-
for things so deserving of reverence is
hy of you."
is by no means a want of respect, but of
tion. I cannot persuade myself that the
or, who is so desirous of being just, would
rily condemn us, while he knows our
nce, and when the law rendering it crimi-
belong to any secret society was not made
ter our arrest. The scene you are now
is therefore a moral torture, a final blow
ed to discover if we concealed any thing
r trial. For my part, I have nothing to
se."
senator became furious, and, separating
ti, Solera, and Munari, had them loaded
chains, and bound so closely to the wall,
hey could not make the least movement.
unfortunate Costantino Munari, a vener-
old man, then said to him;

"Signor Senator, you see me with tears in my eyes, but they are wrung from me by physical suffering. I entreat you to desist from this useless cruelty. Look at my wrists; the veins are red and swollen, the blood is ready to start out; my enfeebled frame can endure no more; but I can add nothing to my former depositions."

The senator had the manacles a little loosened, and left them in this torture for some days.

Munari and the advocate Solera actually believed, that, as they had nothing to disclose, the strictness of the Emperor's order would not admit any mitigation of the sentence of death. The old man suffered in consequence a dangerous stricture of the bladder, and voided much blood. The young man, anxious to escape the revolting form of death which awaited him, — the gibbet, — (under the Austrian government the favor of dying by the axe is granted only to nobles,) when confined in his dungeon, broke a large glass bottle into small pieces and swallowed it all. So strict was the watch over us, that one of the guards discovered this, and gave immediate information. The senator himself came to insure instant assistance.

We wished to terrify you," he said, "with od intention of discovering the whole evil radicating it ; but, since you really have g to disclose, I hope, that, as clemency ready spoken conditionally in the heart of mperor, she will speak once more, uncon-lly."

the end of a month an order arrived for ommutation of their punishment to twenty of severe imprisonment at Spielberg.

VI.

PROFESSORS ROMAGNOSI AND RESSI.

See Chapter LI.

EN the Italian government established a chool of law for youths who had finished ollegiate studies, the following individuals ppointed its professors :

The excellent Salfi, who died a short time t Passy, near Paris, to the sorrow of his nd his country's friends. He was the

instructor of Count Federigo Confalonieri ; and this unfortunate man is doubtless ignorant of the death of the preceptor whom he remembered with so much affection.

2. The advocate Anelli.

3. Romagnosi, who is esteemed in Italy as the greatest scholar of the nineteenth century. Beside his principal work on the Derivation of Penal Law, various other literary and philosophical writings have proceeded from his immortal pen. The important part he took in forming the Code of Criminal Procedure, for the Kingdom of Italy, should not be passed over in silence. This venerable man was forced to dispute, step by step, the few victories that he obtained over a sanhedrim of passion and cruelty. More than once he threw on the ground the manuscript of his proposed statutes, that had been rejected as too lenient, and exclaimed to those conceited pettifoggers, all Knights of the Iron Crown ;

"By heaven ! history will say, that the cross you wear on your breasts is the head of Medusa, turning your hearts to stone."

The Italians rally round Romagnosi, as the great monumental column of the age ; for where is the scholar, who has not, either from his lips

ough his writings, received the doctrines
have emanated from him in so many va-
ranches of knowledge ?

not think it improper to repeat here, a
that is frequently on the lips of this
arian cosmopolite. "Courage, courage !
vents, the disciples of brotherly love are
eading the earth." He thus expresses
fidence, that the good cause will finally
.

ng his pupils in the abovementioned
was the Tyrolese Salvotti of Trent, who
erwards his and our inquisitorial judge.
to all, and to enemies even before friends.
in the London edition of Pellico's work
at the prosecution of Romagnosi, "was
equence of the accusation of an ungrate-
rolese, whom he had instructed." Sal-
here evidently alluded to ; but we as-
respectable annotator, that he has been
rmed. The good old man knew who was
user, and did not impute to him either
or calumny : he used to say, without
st irritation ; "I am here in consequence
outhful indiscretion, an imprudent conver-
,

The truth was as follows: — A young man had been to see him about his studies; the conversation turned upon Carbonarism, but altogether theoretically, that is, as a new social element, which, like all other great associations, history was bound to notice, for the purpose of estimating its influence upon the course of events. This youth, afterwards arrested and taken to Venice, was asked; "With whom have you talked of Carbonarism?" He answered; "With my professors of the political sciences, Romagnosi and Ressi." "Then," it was concluded, "Romagnosi and Ressi are guilty of high treason; for they entered no accusation against their pupil, who spoke of Carbonarism, and was therefore a Carbonaro." Fortunately Pellico could testify, that the conversation between Romagnosi and his pupil, at which he had been present, had been occasioned by the change of government in Naples, lately brought about by the influence of Carbonarism, and that it had not transgressed the limits of a speculative discussion. To this Romagnosi owed his escape; Pellico was unable to bear the same testimony in favor of the good Ressi, and the professor, for having been the auditor of a conversation, was condemned to death; which pun-

it was afterwards commuted, by the clem-
of the Emperor, to five years of severe
onment at Laybach. He died the day
that appointed for the reading of his
ce.

wife, who had come from Milan to Ven-
see her husband, was not permitted to
him during his last illness. He died
gaolers, whom he drove from him with
t repugnance. He fell into a lethargy
ours before his death ; and the chaplain,
ng that he had lost his hearing, began to
out incessantly the commendatory prayers
dying, which he continued during the
time that poor Ressi lay in the agonies
th, — from dusk till three o'clock in the
g. His loud voice, reëchoed by the vast
of the convent of San Michele, resound-
ough the long corridors, till it reached all
lls. Sometimes we heard a Latin verse ;
re mei, Deus : then a disgusting transition
Venetian dialect ; *La diga ben su, si nò*
occa, col còr : Beata Vérzene, verzé le braza
*eme la vostra bela fazia.** This mixture of

* now, with your heart, if not with your lips ;
Virgin, open thy arms and show me thy beautiful
ance.

the holy and the profane, the inconsiderate vulgarity of this incessant shouting, and the heavy step of the soldier marching up and down before our doors, fell heavily on my soul, as if he were some infernal sentinel, whose startling apparition announced a doom, without hope of rescue, to all the prisoners of state. It filled me with consternation.

Poor Ressi was constantly before my eyes, as I had seen him in one of the brightest moments of his life ; and its contrast with the present deepened the profound sadness of the catastrophe. A year before my arrest, the last evening that my brother, the physician, spent in Milan, we went with two of our friends (Drs. Bucci and Utili, who were about to accompany my brother to Romagna,) to visit the professor. They complained, that remittances which they had expected for the purchase of various articles, particularly of some expensive anatomical tables, had not arrived ; they had at length resolved to depart without the wished-for treasure, and took leave at midnight. Scarcely had they reached their dwelling, when a messenger came with the money, and a moment after the good Ressi appeared, (in spite of the

s of the hour, the cold, and a slight in-
ion,) and offered to the three friends
quins.

ey are at your service," said he.

anks, Professor ! a thousand thanks,
" and they showed him the money they
st received. We embraced him with
of the utmost tenderness, and accom-
him home. Neither my brother, Bucci,
li ever saw him more !

name and title were Count Adeodato
he was a native of Cervia, in Ro-
his wife was a niece of Moscati, who
t the age of ninety, president of the
Institute.

! revered friend ! wherever thy spirit
nder, I salute thee, and impart a secret,
soothe the sorrow of having found thy
onfronting thee as an accuser before the
ribunal. I saw his tears, and I believe
ncere. He was unfortunate, not wick-
rgive him. We should all forgive, for
stand in need of forgiveness.

VII.

SIGNOR CANOVA.

See Chapter LI.

Signor Canova has been manager of several of the principal theatres of Italy.*

VIII.

SPEECH OF ONE OF THE JUDGES ON THE DAY OF SENTENCE.

See Chapter LI.

"*He said something courteous, which yet seemed cutting.*"

This judge was Salvotti. The next day he repeated his words in my presence; they were, "I thought that you would be condemned to more, and Maroncelli to less."

[* Some brief notices of other individuals mentioned in the fifty-first Chapter are here omitted, they having been anticipated in the notes to Pellico's Memoirs, published simultaneously with this work.]

IX.

CESARE ARMARI.

See Chapter LII.

R our departure from Spielberg, Armari erated, having had a public trial. The sioners were satisfied with saying ; "The e is not sufficient. Meanwhile he is ed from residing within the Austrian do-." This banishment has been very in- to his interests, as he holds property in mbardo-Venetian Kingdom.

X.

DEMONSTRATIONS OF BENEVOLENCE.

See Chapter LVI.

y God bless all those generous souls, who ashamed to love the unfortunate."

generous souls, allow me also, with a heart, to invoke for you all the bless- heaven and earth.

Speaking of the municipal secretary at Laybach, Silvio says, "I am sorry to have been so careless as to forget his name." I had noted it in my port-folio, which I hoped to recover when released from prison. There I had also recorded various other tokens of generous sympathy with our misfortunes: all was lost. None of the books and papers that we carried to Spielberg, and of which we made a double assignment, one to the governor of the province, and another to the director, were ever restored to us.

But I shall never forget a sweet young lady, whom I saw on Easter-day at Schott-Wien. Should these pages meet her eye, she will remember the gentle courtesy for which I am grateful to her.

I shall also bear in mind the ladies who awaited us at the barriers of Vienna at a late hour of the night, and who, approaching my carriage, said to me:

"In which carriage is the father? and in which the son?"

this is Piero Maroncelli, in the next Sil-
llico, intimate friends, but not father and

hat is the sentence ? ”
venty years' imprisonment for me, and
for my friend ; but he is so ill, that I
willingly add his term to mine, to pro-
ne release of one so dear to me.”
! my dear Sir, confide, confide in our
or ; he is so good that he will not leave
ng at Spielberg. We are sure that our
will not. He cannot know that you are
ing so heavily chained.”
guards did not dare to interrupt this con-
on, as they believed the ladies to be of
nk ; it therefore continued as long as our
ges stopped ; it was a great comfort to

XI.

CONFALONIERI.

See Chapter LVII.

The London annotator must permit me to rectify an error. It is incorrect to say that Confalonieri was condemned to the *severest imprisonment* (carcere durissimo) ; he was condemned for life to *severe imprisonment* (carcere duro).

XII.

BRENNSUPPE.

See Chapter LXI.

"*I endeavoured to swallow some spoonfuls of the broth ; but it was impossible.*"

The proper name of this broth in German is *Brennsuppe*. Twice a year the contractor of Spielberg fried flour in lard, and, when it was completely cooked, put it into large pots, in which it was kept for six months. Every morning he took out great ladlefuls of it, and threw

boiling water, which dissolved the flour.
the German *Brennsuppe*, which perhaps
ad when properly prepared, but at Spiel-
is disgusting. When I have been asked
it elsewhere, my imagination may per-
ave acted too strongly on my palate; but
always thought it abominable and anti-
an. I recollect that Silvio used to take
pieces of rye bread out of this execrable
and place them on a square of blotting
that served us for napkins, and at dinner
ld add them to his scanty allowance of
Brennsuppe composed the morning and
meals of those prisoners who were put
uarter-portion.

XIII.

CHAINS.

See Chapter LXII.

n General Lafayette was arrested in his
eight leagues from Olmütz, the captain
district came there the next day, and
he made him enter the carriage which

was to convey him back to his prison, he said;

"*Je vous prie de passer dans l'autre pièce, où le serrurier vous attend.*"*

"*Et pourquoi le serrurier,*"† said Lafayette.

"*Pour vous mettre les fers, Général.*"‡

"*Ah!* (said Lafayette) *voilà une étrange proposition. Si votre Empereur en était instruit, vous verriez comme il vous traiterait pour en avoir eu la pensée.*"§

Lafayette, from whose lips I have repeatedly heard this anecdote, when speaking of the chains we wore at Spielberg, used to say:

"*Cette plaisanterie, faite d'un ton menaçant, déconcerta le capitaine, qui renonça à son projet.*||

From reverence for my venerable friend, I have quoted his words in the language in which he pronounced them.

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* Will you please to walk into the other room, where the blacksmith is waiting for you.

† The blacksmith? for what?

‡ To put you in irons, General.

§ Ah! that is a strange proposal. If your Emperor were informed of it, you would see how he would treat you for having thought of such a thing.

|| This pleasantry, uttered in a threatening tone, disconcerted the captain, who gave up his design.

XIV.

KUNDA.

See Chapter LXIV.

were in truth much indebted to this good
t. There was no service in his power
he did not willingly render to us all.
ay he brought, without its being seen, or
s though seen it was suffered to pass, a
loaf of black bread to our fellow captive,
o Villa. It looked as large as a wheel.
whispered; "Hide it under the cover-
will last you for a week, and then you
have another." I recall the fact even
ith dismay; in two hours the immense
loaf had disappeared! Villa, who in prison
een surnamed "the Elephant," was really
phantine size, and absolutely required a
quantity of food. It is no exaggeration to
at his illness was caused by hunger, and
was actually starved to death.
se of us were more fortunate who, from
nstitution, could subsist on little nourish-
But we all suffered from hunger, and
o Villa was not its only victim; this
ul enemy killed poor Oroboni also.

XV.

CHERRIES.

See Chapter LXIV.

Those cherries were given me by poor Kral, who almost forced me to accept them. But I could not resolve to taste the delicious fruit till I had set apart half of it for you, my dear Silvio, and persuaded Schiller to consent to take it to you. He promised, and I trusted to Schiller's promises. But he added; "I cannot say who sent them; I will give them to him as if they were mine; that I can do."

"Well, let it be so; but certainly it would be far more grateful to him, if he could associate this pleasing surprise with the name of his friend, and the assurance that he has partaken of them."

Then I ate them one by one very slowly, and I may say, without exaggeration, that this slight repast was to me an almost endless enjoyment. It seemed to me that I was in Italy; the dark walls of my dungeon disappeared; all smiled and brightened around me; the fetters dropped

y limbs, I walked beneath the fig trees
e orange trees of Naples, where the
time of my life had been passed.

XVI.

KRAL AND KUBITSKI.

See Chapter LXV.

worthy men, whom we shall never for-
They did not betray their duty, and yet
ow much gentleness was it discharged !
when it bore hardest upon us, it lost its
y ; for Kral had always a word, a ges-
r a glance of the eye, that said ; " It
me to do so, but I must." And Ku-
who had a great respect for Kral, fol-
his example. May health and happiness
you wherever you may be, and may mis-
be far from your thresholds, — far from
ho so greatly alleviated the sorrows of
st unfortunate of men.

XVII.

THE WIFE OF THE SUPERINTENDENT.

See Chapter LXVI.

I too saw this lady, pale, exhausted, stretched upon a mattress, and surrounded by her beloved children, Odoardo, Filippo, and Maria. She was sensible of her approaching dissolution; and yet, when she looked upon those little angels, she lost her assurance of death, and it seemed to her as if a single breath of life might preserve her for ever here below.

I should be ungrateful, were I not to speak of the mother and aunt of the superintendent. Their affection for me was a great consolation in my misfortunes. The last day that they were at Spielberg, they sent me word that they were about to depart, but that I might feel assured that I should never be forgotten; — that, remembering each other in our prayers, we might daily meet in spirit, until reunited in the presence of God.

XVIII.

DEATH OF OROBONI.

See Chapter LXXVI.

ious that his dear remains should be in-
with all possible decency, we commended
o Kral. He assured us, that he had him-
osed the eyes of the deceased, that he
ected and assisted in the last sad offices,
had placed a bunch of flowers on his
and wrapped him in one of his own
a favor not granted to other convicts.
kind heart was certainly not induced to
these attentions by any hope of recom-
from Oroboni's parents; they are no
He will be rewarded by the Father of

n of us composed an epitaph on our de-
fellow captive, in the fond delusion, that
t of us who should leave Moravia might,
e future day, be permitted to place a stone
ck, to mark the spot where those wearied
have at length found repose. My epitaph
elected from the rest. Delusive as have
our hopes, I preserve the epitaph in this

work,* as a simple testimony of the pious purpose, which must remain unexecuted till milder times arrive.

XIX.

OUR CONFESSORS, STURM, BATTISTA, WRBA, ZIAK.

See Chapters LXIII., LXXVIII., XC.

I FULLY coincide in my friend's opinion with regard to the powerful influence of which he speaks in Chapter LXXVIII.; and can bear witness to the eminent degree in which it was possessed by the excellent Father Battista. His goodness and learning produced on me a beneficial effect, which, I trust, will prove as lasting as my life. By a singular coincidence I was the first of the prisoners of state, who conversed with Father Battista, with Father Wrba, who so much resembled him, and with Father Paolowich, now Bishop of Cáttaro. The opinion, which I then formed of their respective characters, remained unchanged, and was shared by all my

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* See Appendix.

captives. I also foresaw that the services
three would be very differently rewarded.
; "If these men should be removed from
resent situation, two of them will remain
s they now are; the Dalmatian Paolo-
ill have a mitre and crosier."

last confessor with whom we were favor-
Father Ziak, who proved a worthy suc-
of those excellent German priests, Sturm,
and Father Battista, by the depth of
rning, by a becoming reserve in his in-
, by his example of charity, and by his
g readiness to anticipate and satisfy our
for information.

XX.

PRIVATION OF BOOKS.

See Chapter LXXX.

prisoners of Olmütz likewise were de-
of their books, but with this qualifica-
the imperial decree excluded from their
collection those only which were printed
789, and those in which the word *repub-*
curred.

"*A-t-on peur*," said Lafayette to the governor-general of Olmütz, "*que j'apprenne la Déclaration des Droits? C'est moi qui l'ai faite.*"*

Lafayette also said; "*On nous confisqua un volume d'introduction du Voyage d'Anacharsis, parcequ'on y rencontrait le mot* république."†

Apropos of the books taken from us by the Emperor's express order; (Pellico calls them his friends, and they were also mine;) I heard from the lips of Confalonieri the words addressed to him by Melzi, vice-president of the Italian Republic, with regard to one of them, Thomas à Kempis. It was the same Melzi, who, as is elsewhere mentioned, refused the nomination of King of Italy, because, said he, "a president may not change his title for another."

Melzi lived at a delightful villa on the Lake of Como, and in the autumn many nobles of Lombardy go to rusticate in the neighbourhood. One morning, Confalonieri went to see the venerable man, who was still in bed; and, observ-

---

* Is there an apprehension that I may become acquainted with the Declaration of Rights? I was its author.

† A volume containing the Introduction to the Travels of Anacharsis was seized, because the word *republic* was found in it.

handsomely bound volume lying open on
ıble, he was curious to know what it might
After the usual friendly inquiries had pass-
etween them, he took it in his hand, and
"Thomas à Kempis."

lzi, who did not know what impression it
make on the mind of Confalonieri, sought
ticipate an unfavorable one, and said at
: "You, being in the vigor of your age,
g yet to run your whole career, and, hav-
ıuch good to do, require to be stimulated
tive life. I advise you to it with all that
and ever youthful feeling, which binds me
r dear country with unextinguishable love;
I urge you to it with these aged hands,
have grown hard in managing, — perhaps
nworthily, — the helm of the public weal.
emember further, that, when age and in-
ies shall have put an end to the career
ich you are thus about to engage, another
e of benevolence and love awaits you;
he practical code of this new charity, you
find in the neglected but sacred volume
ıomas à Kempis. And then think of me."
nfalonieri heard with veneration the words
aged friend, and stored them in his mem-
or his own and others' benefit.

XXI.

THE VISITS.

See Chapters LXXX., LXXXIV.

My mind shrinks from relating the particular acts of cruelty, on each recurrence of those tormenting visits. Having declared that we everywhere met with those who were discreet and compassionate, I may, perhaps, scarcely be believed, when I say, that the respect due to us as men was violated, and that our treatment by the visitors amounted to brutality. Such however was the fact; and it had its origin in causes which have ever made the people of Austria to be regarded by historians, as the problem, or rather the enigma, of the human race. The Austrian is good; yet he will commit a cruel action, an outrage, with sincere and deep devotional feeling!

"*Es gilt des Kaisers Dienst;*" (It is for the service of the Emperor.) This to an Austrian is his rule of right. He can discern neither justice nor injustice except through the medium of the imperial will. The meanest office, if performed in the service of the Emperor, is

bling ; the most revolting is executed with
tion, self-denial, and enthusiasm, as if it
something heroic, of which one might justly
roud. For this reason, the noble Germanic
n disowns the Austrians, and will on no
unt allow them to be called Germans. This
is not peculiar to them ; it is shared by
Bohemians and the Hungarians. The time
come, when the Austrian may recover his
ty ; and, becoming once more a member
e Teutonic body, may understand how he
without servility, unite goodness of heart
fidelity to the state. Let him learn at
from the exemplary people of Würtem-
; and they, together with those of Saxony,
over, Baden, and Bavaria, will then salute
as a brother. It must be agreed, that no
rable man, in the employment of any of
German states, would have consented to
what the governors-general of police, sen-
, Aulic counsellors, and counsellors of state
accustomed to practise towards us. Let
ee what it was.

ne director-general of police (who was a
sellor of state) made the first inquisitorial
on the 17th of March, 1825. He was

accompanied by a certain Pancraz, his aid, whom we called *Draghignazzo*, on account of his strong resemblance to the demon of that name, described in the *Inferno* of Dante, and not from any wickedness that he manifested towards us. He was a *good devil* in the true sense of the them; and so was the director of police. There were seven rooms, of which ours was the first examined. The visit began at seven o'clock in the morning, with lights, and was finished with lights, at seven in the evening. If it be considered, that our furniture consisted of two bags of straw, two coverlets, two pitchers for water, and two wooden spoons, it will be difficult to understand what could require an examination of twelve hours; but it proves the jealous care with which it was conducted. The two bags of straw were carried out on the terrace, that Draghignazzo might take out all the straw, and examine carefully if any thing were concealed there. The coverlets were shaken, the pitchers were emptied; there were no secrets in the spoons. Afterwards we were both stripped naked, our shirts taken off and put on again, and we were then left in that condition, while the director-general of police took a knife from his pocket, and began to rip all the

s of our pantaloons and waistcoats. Our
s would have undergone a like examination,
I not interfered, being excited to a degree
dignation which I had never felt before.
proceeding seemed to me so indecorous,
ne who was engaged in it, so low, that I
nyself degraded, in standing before a worm
man kind, decorated with orders, while he
disgraced the dignity of the Emperor, in
e name he was acting. On the other side
oor Pellico, his teeth chattering from cold
fever; Pellico, who had remained for three
ers of an hour in his shirt, waiting until
counsellor had finished his abominable rip-

I could bear it no longer, and, clenching
ists, I desired him, in a trembling voice
scarcely suppressing the contempt I felt
im, to give a coverlet to my friend.

Donnez une couverture à mon ami."

Je ne puis pas, il faut qu'auparavant je
se tout cela." *

Donnez la couverture; rien n'empêche que
ne décousiez après, autant que bon vous
le." †

---

cannot; I must first get through this ripping.

ive him the coverlet; there is nothing to prevent
om ripping afterwards as much as you please.

"*Nein, ich* . . . (No, I . . .).

"*Gib eine Decke, sage ich dir!*" (I tell you to give him a coverlet!) And in my blind fury I thought I had strength enough to tear out the long thick chain which was fixed in the wall, and beat it about his head. Fortunately the good Kral anticipated my violence, and, taking up a coverlet, he said to the director; "*Das, das.*" (That, that.) "*Ach! eine Cotze!*" (Ah, a coverlet!) he replied with astonishment. "I did not understand, that by the name of *couverture* and *decke* you meant a coverlet. *Je croyais que vous demandiez de couvrir, oder decken, votre ami, avec les habits que je suis en train de découdre. Voilà eine Cotze!*"* He gave it to him, and it was all that could be obtained to protect the poor invalid from cold. This cost him a severe complaint of the lungs.

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* I thought you asked for the clothes of your friend, which I am ripping, to cover him. There is a coverlet.

FIRST SEIZURE.

next day we were examined, to give an
nt of the articles taken from us at the
They were as follows;
m Pellico, a pair of spectacles; from me,
e-glass.
m Pellico, a wooden fork; from me, a
n fork.
io was called up, and the director of po-
nquired: "Who gave you permission to
these spectacles?"
verybody and nobody; during the three
that I have been at Spielberg, I have
them constantly, except at night; as I
efore done when at liberty. The gover-
Count Mitrowski, the superintendent of
ouse, and you yourself, have always seen
ith them and never objected to them."
have never seen them . . . I do not re-
er . . . it is an irregularity . . . I cannot
them."
s privation was inconceivably distressing
or Silvio. He said; "Sir, you do more
the Emperor: he condemned me to fifteen

years of severe imprisonment, but he did not deprive me of the sense of sight. You, on the contrary, would make me blind." The director shrugged his shoulders, and proceeded to another inquiry.

"A wooden fork! but do you know that a wooden fork is a great violation of discipline?"

Silvio was mild and patient, but he could not endure certain stupid exactions, made under the pretence of being necessary to good order. It appeared to him that there could be no violation of order in leaving us a wooden fork. In vain: the harmlessness of such a concession could not enter heads more wooden than the forks. We were therefore in the habit of repeating on similar occasions a saying proverbial throughout Italy, which is essentially characteristic of the good people of Austria: *Indietro ti e muro*, (Back with you and the wall.)* Under these vexations, Silvio could no longer restrain him-

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[* *Indietro tu e il muro:* the proverb refers to an order given by the Austrian soldiers, who during a procession at Naples directed the crowd to fall back. They were answered, that it was impossible to fall back farther, as the walls of the houses were already pressed against. *Back with you and the wall!* was the rejoinder.]

'Will it shake the Austrian empire,"
, "if, instead of eating filthily with my
I make use of a piece of wood?"
excellent Count Mitrowski, now high
lor and minister of state, then governor-
of the two provinces of Moravia and
always treated us with great considera-
He came to see us, and lamented our
ndition, the more, as he was unable to
it, even by restoring the wooden forks
spectacles. He said:
he director of police had not sequester-
trifles, — *à la bonne heure*;* but, as he
e so, I cannot give them to you, *causâ*
."†
l where is this great cause of the wood-
pending?"
Vienna, my friends, at Vienna, and be-
Emperor himself."
refusal of the forks is more ridiculous
iel; but your Excellency must allow,
were not condemned to blindness, but
severe imprisonment."

---

uld have been all easy.
the cause is pending.

"Oh true, true," he replied with emotion; at the same time raising his hand by an involuntary movement to the spectacles which he always wore, he took them off, and, startled by the sudden dimness which came upon him, he felt all the distress of Silvio, and made a gesture which seemed to say, "Accept them, and you will do me a favor." He was answered by a cordial pressure of the hand, expressive of gratitude for the offer, which was declined, without giving offence.

This excellent man was much agitated, when he left us, and, the next day, the spectacles and eye-glass, which had been sequestered, were restored to us. I do not know whether he acted on his own authority or in compliance with the Emperor's will; but I know that an order came, that the forks should be refused.

Three years after, that is, in 1828, Count Mitrowski having been promoted at Vienna, and a new superintendent appointed, we repeated our request, without alluding to the Emperor's former refusal. Our argument was strong; we said: "They give us five long, thick, wooden needles to knit stockings, which, if we please, we can tie together, and form a

artificial fork ; what objection can there giving us one with two or three prongs ?" new superintendent felt its truth, and re- "It does not appear to me beyond my ity ; I will give it to you and take the sibility ; only, *pro formâ*, I shall give no- the secretary of the governor."

ayette, during his imprisonment of five and a half at Olmütz, could not obtain a n fork for himself or his family. One ne commandant, being present at his mis- dinner, inquired if it was not new to eat with his fingers. "*Pas tant que royez*," replied Lafyette ; "*pendant la ion des Etats-Unis, j'ai eu beaucoup de ts avec les Iroquois, et j'ai mangé chez*

ave described the system of the monthly of the director of police ; but before this, perintendent of the prison used to make

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so much so as you may suppose ; during the n Revolution, I was much connected with the , and I have eaten with them. [The words, which rent in the original, are now copied, says Signor lli in a note to the Editor, from a memorandum d him by General Lafayette.]

one on his own account. Nor was this enough. As the director of police controlled the superintendent, so an Aulic counsellor, or a senator, or perhaps a minister of state, had control over the director of police. The Emperor, from year to year, sent some such personage from Vienna for this express purpose; and he came upon us unexpectedly, without even forewarning the governor of the province. The first of these high ministerial visitors was the Baron Münch von Berlinghausen; the second was the Count or Baron von Vogel; the name of the third was unknown to us, but they gave him the title of Counsellor of State.

The first two complained chiefly of the communication which we were said to have with persons without. This was false; but, to satisfy the Emperor's doubts, a drawing was made of the corridor on which our cells opened, showing their communication with the terrace which served for exercise, and the direct passage from the terrace to the choir of the church. The doors, windows, and openings of every kind, had been walled up, so that we might not be seen, as we passed, by the other convicts, and still less by any persons without. A list of

was annexed to this plan, by which the
or might see, that water was brought to
lls at one hour, bread at another, dinner
ther, and that at another the visits were
that the occupant of number one was
g at such an hour, of number two at an-
and so on. Thus his Majesty, sitting in
set, might give orders with more certainty
ld Schiller, — "Now they must eat, now
now walk, and now stand still." Besides,
sits which were made every month gave
notice, whether every thing remained *in*
quo. For this end a suitable report was
up, and, in the course of time, the fol-
seizures were made of articles pro-
ed irregular.

SECOND SEIZURE.

Baron Münch von Berlinghausen saw a
f knit gloves, made of coarse yarn, ly-
n the plank which served Foresti as a
on leaving the cell, he said to the gov-
Count Mitrowski;
ow? gloves also?"

The governor appealed to the superintendent, and to the *sccondini ;* who all declared, that if their Excellencies would only descend to the subterranean dungeons, they would see all the convicts at liberty to wear such woollen gloves, if they pleased ; that they were ordered by the physician, and were indispensable on account of the cold. They took away our gloves the next day notwithstanding, and then called us to an examination.

The director of police : — " Who gave you these gloves, and who permitted them ? "

" You permitted them ; — we gave them to ourselves."

" I permitted them ? That is not true."

" It is true. Do you not remember, that when winter came on, being required to furnish woollen stockings by compulsory labor, we asked your permission to protect our hands from the severity of the season by making, with the yarn and knitting-needles, such gloves as all the convicts wear ? "

" *Tricoter des bas* (that you should knit stockings) is the will of the Emperor, and therefore your indispensable and sacred duty ; but with the yarn and needles *tricoter aussi des gants*,

'passe . . . " (to knit gloves also is going
l bounds.)

se good people again exposed themselves
lent language on our part, which certainly
ould better not have uttered; but our en-
e had been already so severely tried in
sand instances, that this trifling circum-
was amply sufficient to draw forth a burst
ing, so much the more bitter, because
cavils seemed to proceed from affected
than real stupidity.

THIRD SEIZURE.

second ministerial personage who came
it us, the Count or Baron von Vogel,
ered a breach of order in a small cush-
hich he saw on the bed of Confalonieri.
tory is as follows:

Countess had come to Vienna to solicit
for her husband. His fate was decided,
courier was despatched at midnight with
ntence of death. The kind-hearted Em-
unable to save his life, sent a chamber-
o the Countess, to express to her the

sorrow of his angelic sovereign that she had not been able to obtain a pardon. Teresa Confalonieri hastened in a carriage to the palace, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour ; the Empress had retired, but could not refuse to receive her ; she wept, their tears were mingled, and the Empress, overcome by her distress, rushed with dishevelled hair into the apartment of her consort, and after some time (what an age of misery for an anxious wife !) she returned with a grant of his life. Haste ! haste ! the courier must be overtaken, must be passed, — he bears the sentence of death ! Teresa threw herself into a carriage, and without a moment's repose or taking any nourishment but a little liquid, and bribing the postillions to the utmost speed, she arrived in time at Milan, and Confalonieri escaped the gibbet. During the journey, her head rested upon a small cushion, which she moistened with her tears ; tears of mortal anxiety lest she should arrive too late, tears of hope, of conjugal love. This cushion, the confidant of the most solemn and most tragic moments in the lives of both, was consigned to the judges who had condemned Confalonieri to death ; they religiously transmitted it to the

d husband; he brought it with him to
erg. There, stripped of his clothes, load-
h chains, lying upon straw, deprived of
comfort, his cushion still remained to
all the superintendents, the governors,
Münch von Berlinghausen had respected
ie Baron or Count von Vogel thought it
irregularity, and took it from him!
circumstance, if compared with that of
me spider of Pellisson, crushed by his
will appear much the more barbarous,
cushion was a sacred relic.*

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gnor Maroncelli observes, in a note to the Editor,
ferent views are given by Pellico and himself of
two noblemen who were sent from Vienna to
prison. "But if we consider," he says, "the very
circumstances in which the relators were placed,
erence will prove to be only apparent. Pellico
nder a severe censorship, which would have pro-
ny thing derogatory to a minister of Austria in
ervice, while Maroncelli was free from any similar
."]

FOURTH SEIZURE.

It happened one day, that the ex-lieutenant Bachiega, returning from the little terrace, on which we were daily permitted to take the air, brought into his dungeon a young sparrow, which, unseen by the guards, he had found in a hole in the wall. This sparrow was his constant companion till the day of the monthly visit ; but when that arrived, while they were as usual examining the straw, the bird escaped from under the bed, where it had been concealed. The director of police dismissed the guards for want of vigilance ; he took possession of the sparrow, and the poor prisoner was deprived of the only amusement and solace, which remained to him in his separation from all things living. When he was threatened, that this *breach of discipline* should be reported to the Emperor, he protested against the use of such a term, and desired them to subjoin to the report, that he did not think he was acting at variance with the regulations of the state in rearing a sparrow, and moreover, that he formally requested permission to have one.

poor Villa said to the director of po-
"Since you are going to draw up a
report to his Majesty to obtain a spar-
pleased, at the same time, to mention
to protect my baldness; for the physi-
nd the superintendent of the prison say
ey are not authorized to go to this ex-
ıary expense."

director could not refuse to transmit our
s; he complied; and after two months
jesty wrote to the governor, to consult
ıe superintendent as to the manner of
the convicts in case of baldness. The
tendent replied, that they gave them
ı caps.

Emperor, after another interval of two
, replied to the governor, that, as regard-
la's baldness, no distinction should be
etween him and the other convicts. But
id not avail himself of the imperial grant,
e the woollen cap made his head too

A third petition was sent, and, as be-
ıfter two months an imperial autograph
d, that a sparrow should be given to Ba-
for his comfort, and a wig to Villa. I
know whether his Majesty wrote with

his own hand, that the latter, for the sake of economy, should not be made of human hair; but well do I know, that he who executed his sovereign's pleasure thought to conform to it, by presenting Villa with a wretched fabric of dog's hair, instead of a wig made in the usual manner.

We were told that our last visitor was a counsellor of state; but we did not know his name. His deportment was noble and exemplary; we saw that he was moved by the sight of so much misery; but, being unable to alleviate it, he spoke to no one except to me;—he made some inquiries about my recent illness. This was the only visit, which did not add some new evil or privation to those we already endured.

If any one has said, or shall say, that any other visitors, before the end of July, 1830, came to see us at Spielberg, I assure him publicly that he is mistaken. It is true, that they frequently announced to us the intended visit of some member of the imperial family, such as

ond son, the Archduke Charles-Francis.
ne to Spielberg, but would not consent
the prisoners of state. We interpreted
isal as a proof of modesty, and were
to discover such a feeling in the young

t has been reported that the Archduke
h, Archbishop of Olmütz, with some of
ily of the Duke of Modena, and other
in his suite, were introduced into our
s a mark of distinction. It is false. It
en added that Confalonieri, the proud,
ued Confalonieri, during the visit, turn-
back upon these princes, and would not
r his head ; so that the keeper went up
took off his prison-cap, and threw it on
ound. This is false ; it is a calumny ;
shameful calumny, which should fill with
e whoever could be guilty of uttering it
so high-minded and honorable a man as
onieri ; an honor, not only to Italy and
age, but to the past and future history
world. What meanness ! Could Con-
ri be capable of an indecorum ? He re-
himself too much to be guilty of one,
owards his gaolers. True it is, that, in

presence of the great personages who came to visit us, we seemed to be the judges, they the guilty criminals. But was it our fault, if a sense of the noble cause for which we were imprisoned, imparted dignity to us, while a contrary feeling bowed down the Barons Vogel and Berlinghausen? And why did the third, that honorable man, whose countenance spoke so much compassion, give no sign whatever of abasement? Was it that the former were charged with a servile mission, and, while engaged in its execution, blushed in the presence of those who, though bound with chains, were no slaves; while the other, though he might not refuse to be a witness of our misery, came not like them to increase its bitterness? This calumny against Confalonieri proceeded from the court of the Duke of Modena, where once there lived an angel of goodness, afterwards Empress, who was foster-sister to that magnanimous sufferer.

XXII.

COMPULSORY LABOR.

Three kinds of compulsory labor were required of us; sawing wood, making lint, and particularly knitting stockings.

While I was sawing wood, or making lint, my hand alone was enslaved; my thoughts roved at pleasure; but in knitting stockings, my mind, and my eye, and my hand, must be chained down there, — to those stitches, — fixed desperately there, — and I could not think! This was a double slavery, far more intolerable than the first. Not to think of my mother, my sisters, or my friends! Not even to think of my grief; — and this was the most edifying occupation that Spielberg could afford me! The employment was physically disgusting and unhealthy; but they would not understand, or rather would not regard, any of our remonstrances. They gave us a large ball of offensive yarn, (offensive, because it was saturated with bad oil or grease;) the cell was soon infected with it, and an intolerable headache was the first consequence of that foul exhalation,

from which our cells were never afterwards free.

And yet the same superintendent, who felt how cruel it was to deny us wooden forks, and therefore had given them to us, was never able to understand the cruelty of this labor. Compulsory labor we had not refused to perform; this alone we could not do. In vain: he made use of rude treatment and threats of every kind; it is no exaggeration to say, — brutal threats! I have seen poor Munari, a gray-headed man, more than seventy years old, who had frequently been chief magistrate at Bologna, Ferrara, and Modena, and whose character and learning entitled him to respect, — I have seen him unmoved by the physical evils which he suffered without intermission, and yet weep like a child because obliged to knit stockings, and to furnish one pair, at least, every week. Those who did not fulfil their task, were threatened with the deprivation of food and exercise, with blows, and with a report to Vienna. The first two threats were never executed.

"I also will make a report to Vienna!" I replied, one day, to the superintendent. "Do you believe that the Emperor would refuse to

grant an exemption from work, and from such foolish work, to a man who has had the circulation of his blood interrupted by the amputation of his leg, and who cannot remain seated for any long time without being subject to painful cramps ?" (I suffered dreadfully from them for two years.) "Besides, the rheumatism has attacked my whole person," (even now that I am at liberty I am not free from it,) "and, affecting my hands particularly, it prevents me from holding the needles."

Silvio added : "If my friend were to write to the Emperor, he would tell him things that would make him shudder ; and not he only, but all of us, would be exempted. It is time to cease from a persecution so disgraceful, so atrocious, so contrary, I might say, to the will of the Emperor. All the great personages who have come from Vienna and from whom we have sought relief from this labor, have replied, that the labor was granted by his Majesty as a relief. Now you convert a relaxation into a task, and threaten us with moral and physical tortures, which, nevertheless, you dare not put in execution. You yourself will be punished for such presumption !"

Such was our situation. The last of these omissions took place on the last day of our abode at Spielberg; and when we were summoned to the office to hear the news of our liberation, we thought, at first, that it was to receive notice of some punishment, as that morning we had not finished the pair of stockings due every Sunday.

XXIII.

SENTENCE OF EXCOMMUNICATION; FATHER PAULOWICH.

In order to give currency to all the evil assertions against Confalonieri, many other unjust imputations, with regard to religion, have been cast upon him. It is said, that he alone refused the consolations of religion, and thus brought upon himself greater privations than were suffered by his companions. This is false. The true state of the case is as follows. The Dalmatian confessor, Father Stefano Paulowich, came to Spielberg with what purported to be

a sentence of excommunication from the Pope, pretending that we were included in it, and offered us the means of returning into the bosom of the church.

We answered with calmness and dignity, that the excommunication could have no reference whatever to us, since the Carbonari were there described as, by virtue of their institution, the authors of the most atrocious crimes; while those of us who were Carbonari had embraced Carbonarism on purpose to have more powerful, compact, and active means of exercising the noblest and most difficult virtues prescribed by Christianity; and that our conspiracy (which was a conspiracy of Christians, by whatever name it might be called,) was the *Conciliatore*. It was a conspiracy in open day, founded upon principles, and supported by measures, which had received the sanction of eternal justice; principles and measures so honorable to those who professed them, that they would degrade themselves by submitting to an excommunication, which was no other than a base and slanderous imputation of the blackest crimes, that the infernal regions have ever poured forth upon the earth. This protest concluded with a decla-

ration, that we were ever the first to invoke the blessed consolations of religion, but never at the price of infamy.

To this Father Stefano Paulowich replied: "I do indeed believe, Gentlemen, that you are not guilty of any of the crimes enumerated in the papal excommunication; therefore I trust altogether to you, with regard to the honorable and highly moral designs of the associations censured by Rome. Neither may I withhold the confession, that, commissioned as I am to direct your consciences, I have in conversing with you always met with new and highly instructive lessons, combined with examples of practical charity, which have at once edified me, and made me blush, while I acknowledge how much better you are than myself. I then receive you all into the bosom of the church, and release you from any interdict that you may have incurred; on the single condition, that you will disclose all you know respecting any individual who has desired to overturn the Austrian government, or any other government whatsoever."

We believed, that neither Paulowich, nor any other true minister of God, had a right to im-

pose terms which, by the general sense of rectitude, are pronounced infamous. None but a minister of state, a minister of men, using, or rather abusing his power, could make them the conditions of an act of justice, of equitable reparation ; such as our readmission into the church. Therefore, without accepting this readmission on any terms, we declared, of our own free and spontaneous will, that we had no disclosures to make.

Thus we were all admitted, and Confalonieri as well as the others. Afterwards, affairs changed ; a revolution broke out in Russia after the death of Alexander, and Paulowich came to torment the prisoners of state, under the pretence that they had affirmed what was false, when they said that they had no disclosures to make, and that, if they had made them, such events would not have taken place in Russia. As if we must be responsible for all the struggles for liberty which the oppressed nations of Europe cannot forbear from making ! No answer was returned to the charges of Paulowich, and he issued his interdicts, first against one, and then against another.

Throughout this transaction, where is there any insubordination on our part ? Is this pride ?

At least, do not pervert language, and above all, do not calumniate innocence.

In general, my kind readers, fellow countrymen and strangers, be ever ready to believe good of the absent, — but never evil; because, if others accuse them falsely, they cannot defend themselves, and an evil report may gain credit to the great injury of truth, of an individual, perhaps of a nation, perhaps of all mankind. You may thus retard some social improvement, which one man might have been able to produce, and which the united efforts of many others may prove incapable of effecting, even in a long course of time.

To Signor Carlo Uboldi, and to all the friends and relatives of Confalonieri (for it is unnecessary to name you separately), I would say; Do not distress yourselves by the thought, that he is restless, troubled, and impatient of restraint. According to the manner in which language is used by Silvio, by his fellow-captives at Spielberg, and by all who are not abject, Christian resignation is the science of suffering nobly; and Confalonieri is more resigned than most men, inasmuch as he stands preëminent in wisdom and virtue.

XXIV.

SCHILLER'S GOD-DAUGHTER.

See Chapter LXXXI.

We used to see her in the first year of our captivity, as we were walking on the large terrace, a privilege taken from us on the arrival of the Milanese. She was not more than twelve or thirteen years old, and used to play round the immensely tall old man, with a grace and *naïveté* not easy to describe, when one remembers, that a German girl of thirteen, notwithstanding her physical developement, is much younger in mind, than a French or Italian of the same age.

Before we left Spielberg, we learned that the god-daughter of our good Schiller was married.

XXV.

DON MARCO FORTINI.

See Chapter LXXXV.

He was an excellent priest. One day some of his friends took him to one of their meetings, and by way of amusement made him undergo some ceremonies to which they gave the name of an institution into Carbonarism, — but it was no such thing! Being arrested as a real Carbonaro, and, as such, condemned to fifteen years of severe imprisonment at Spielberg, the day when sentence was pronounced on him in Venice, he said to a friend; "But tell me at least what is a Carbonaro!"

He did not leave Spielberg till 1826, after nine years of confinement, six of which were passed in severe imprisonment.

XXVI.

A SONG.

See Chapter LXXXVII.

THE surgeons were in the adjoining room for three quarters of an hour, making preparations for the operation.

After the hopes which I had been allowed to indulge, in April and May, of recovering the use of my limb, the spring had quite passed away, and this was the end of all! Filled with this thought, and, on the one hand, little expecting a favorable result, and, on the other, regarding even the worst without much apprehension, I sang as follows. These verses being intended for my mother, and other dear friends, when I should be no more, it was proper that they should wear the semblance of composure, that they might be the less unworthy of the noble objects for whom they were designed.

Primaverili aurette
Che Italia sorvolate,
Voi quì non mai spirate
Sull' egro prigionier.

Quanto d' aprile e maggio
Chiamata ò la reddìta!
Venner . . . ma non àn vita
Per l' egro prigionier.

Sotto moravo cielo
Bella natura langue,
Nè ricomporre il sangue
Può all' egro prigionier.

Quanto durai di spasimi?
Quanto a durarne ò ancora
Sin che una dolce aurora
Disciolga il prigionier!

Surga! e che alfine io senta
Madre, fratello e suore
Sanar col loro amore
Lo sciolto prigionier.

Ahimè! — speranze tante
Vidi voltarsi in guai,
Che più speranza omai
Non ride al prigionier.

TRANSLATED BY MR. HALLECK.

Winds of the wakened Spring!
O'er my loved land, my Italy, again
Ye speed with happy wing, —
But visit not my prison-couch of pain.

For April's dewy air,
For smiling May I prayed, but prayed in vain;
They came — but could not bear
Their blessing to my prison-couch of pain.

These cold Moravian skies,
That wither Spring's first buds on hill and plain,
Fright from my suffering eyes
Her power to soothe my prison-couch of pain.

How many pangs have passed!
How many more must rack me, limb and brain,
Ere the day dawns, at last,
That frees me from my prison-couch of pain!

Blest day! when on the arm
Of mother, sister, brother, deep I drain
The cup of Love, whose charm
Will heal my prison-wounds of grief and pain!

Alas! these dreams of sleep
Break but to rivet my unbroken chain,
And Hope but comes to weep
Beside me at my prison-couch of pain!

I subjoin the letter, in which I enclosed these verses to the admirable translator of the *Prigioni* of Pellico, Monsieur A. De Latour, as the design I had in composing them is there mentioned.

"Sir,

"I send you the poor verses which I sung extemporaneously, in the interval while they were preparing the instruments to amputate my leg; how long that interval appeared to me! Pellico alludes to them in his Memoirs, which you are translating with so much grace and beauty. When I composed them, they were designed for my mother, as a legacy, which I confided to the memory of my friend, that they might be religiously transmitted, word for word, to those who were dear to me. If this bequest had been in prose, those dear friends might have doubted its authenticity; but such a doubt could not arise with regard to words connected by rhyme. This influenced me; — and not the desire of writing verses.

"The consequences of the amputation were not fatal. Two years after, I regained my liberty; but my mother has not yet been able to embrace her son, nor to read the words I dictated for her. My life is indeed a tissue of misfortunes.

"Piero Maroncelli."

XXVII.

SILVIO RESTORED TO LIBERTY.

See Chapter XCIX.

The joy, the enthusiasm, that the return of an Italian so beloved must have awakened among his countrymen, will be better understood by learning how deeply he was lamented, when it was believed that he had died at Spielberg. A distinguished lyric poet has written a noble ode,* which the evil state of the times, and the oppression that the Italians suffer in Italy, prevented him from printing. It was, however, generally circulated, with applause equal to that bestowed on Manzoni's celebrated ode on the death of Napoleon. The Peninsula was full of it, and let that prove to his Excellency the Bishop of Cattaro (Father Stefano Paulowich), formerly our confessor, that he was grossly mistaken when he said to us at Spielberg ;

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* This poem is given in the Appendix.

"You must know, my friends, that the Emperor would willingly release you, the rather that your maintenance is a prodigious expense; and if he does not, it is for your good, because the Emperor is so beloved in Italy, and you are so hated, that, were he to restore you to liberty, the people would stone you. He keeps you here, therefore, entirely for your own safety, — to preserve your lives."

XXVIII.

CONCLUSION.

For myself, having been released from Spielberg, I went into Italy and entered Ferrara to obtain a passage to Rome, where my family resided (an aged mother, two sisters, and a brother): the Cardinal d'Arezzo ordered me to depart; at Bologna, the Cardinal Bernetti did the same; at Florence I was allowed to remain by the Grand Duke, but Count Saurau, the Austrian minister, (after I had proved, what he did not believe, that my limb had been ampu-

tated by the man whose business it was to shave us for eight years and a half,) required the Duke to expel me from his dominions. Meanwhile the Papal government banished my brother from Rome, that he might not welcome to the bosom of his family the captive now returning home after eleven years of absence and suffering.

As there was no longer in Italy a spot of ground which might venture to receive me, I was once more compelled to abandon my dear country. I came to France, which I found divided by various *political opinions*, — perhaps it is more correct to say *parties*. I was kindly regarded by all, and one evening (March 5th, 1831), as I was leaning on the arm of the venerable Lafayette, in a saloon of the *Hôtel-de-Ville*, I, for the first time, met the King, the Queen, and all the royal family.

The King desired me to rely upon his kindness, and I answered: "I avail myself of it immediately, to entreat that it may all be exerted in behalf of my poor companions whom I left at Spielberg; nine are still there, and one of them is a French citizen."

The King and Queen expressed great solicitude to comply with my request, — and it is but justice to say, that they have adopted every means for that purpose.

We had been conversing in French, when the King, changing his language, said to me in excellent Italian: "It will be more agreeable to you to speak your own beautiful language; tell me in it how I can gratify you."

Without concealing how much I was touched by this gentle courtesy, I changed my language but not my entreaty, and we continued to converse in Italian.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

(A.)*

NOTICES OF ITALIAN HISTORY. — MASSACRE OF PRINA. — COUNTS PORRO AND CONFALONIERI.

Count Luigi Porro Lambertenghi of Como was a gentleman of noble sentiments, unstained with ambition, ardently devoted to his country, and ever ready to sacrifice all in her cause. His country was not Lombardy alone; it embraced Italy. When the moment for action came, he was a man to stand forth and say, "I will act, — who will act with me?" With Count Porro for its leader, all Lombardy would have put itself in motion, so unanimous was the opinion of his probity and disinterestedness.

[* The three following articles, in the original, form one long *Addizione*. It has been thought advisable to separate them, and place them in the Appendix. The translation is by Miss Sedgwick.]

The first circumstance that occurs to me has become so much a matter of history, that I must be pardoned if I exceed the ordinary limit of these notes to vindicate the reputation of men worthy of all honor.

Eugene Beauharnais was at Mantua, expecting the senate of Milan to proclaim him king. There were reasons for and against this measure. Its rejection might prove (as it did) fatal to the Italian cause ; but, instead of proceeding from anti-nationalism, that is, from a desire to call in the Germans, it sprung from an utter weariness of every foreign name.

The Milanese nobility believed they could institute an independent government, that, like the *ancient league of Lombardy*, of which Pope Alexander the Third was the glorious founder and chief, would prove the nucleus and bulwark of Italian liberty. A sublime project, but liable to be crushed in the germ by the Austrian arms, — and it was thus crushed !

Meanwhile Count Ghislieri, Aulic Counsellor of Francis the First, came to Milan, and kept himself concealed in the house of an illustrious family, well affected to Austria. There he saw the old adherents of the *Alta Casa* (House of

Austria), and there it was determined, that the massacre of Prina should be effected on the same day that the senate should reject Prince Eugene and declare itself sovereign. The conspirators (all rich Lombard proprietors) agreed, in order to effect their purpose, to summon the peasants, from their respective estates, directing them to enter the city unarmed, and at different gates, as if coming to market. Afterwards, at the Palace of . . . . . , they were to be supplied with clubs and stones, and some with arms. When the senate should be assembled, this rabble was to burst in upon them, and with tumultuous outcries to demand the minister Prina, in order to sacrifice him to the vengeance of the people, as the author or adviser of the exorbitant taxes.

The aim of the conspirators was to excite a popular commotion, which by intimidation should prevent the senate from taking the final vote; so that before Eugene should be nominated, and before the senate should constitute itself an independent regency, the adherents of the *Alta Casa* should raise a shout for *Francis*, and thus the conquest of Lombardy, if not more easily achieved, would be accelerated.

The necessary consequence of the success of this iniquity was to bring the whole to light; but those who plotted it spared no effort to conceal its real authors; that, when it should serve their purpose, they might impute it to the advocates of the independence of Italy. This atrocious calumny was afterwards propagated, and supported with such successful hypocrisy, that it has been admitted as a demonstrated truth even by distinguished writers.

The day arrived. The mountains about Como and those that surround Lago Maggiore, and the plains opposite, poured forth in torrents the inhabitants of their villages and shores, — a savage, threatening multitude, who may well have asked one of another, "What crime is it they would buy of us?" The rendezvous was at the palace where Count Ghislieri had resided incognito. He it was, from whom the *watch-word* and the impulse were received. The unbridled rabble ran tumultuously through the streets and squares, till they reached the senate-house. Prina was not there. They rushed like madmen through the city, till they reached San Fedele. There was Prina's palace, and there he was taken. An instant before, a friendly

individual had seen him and said, "Fly." The unfortunate man replied, "I should not then be a Piedmontese."

The murderous populace dismantled the house, and ransacked the minister's strong-box. The treasures of Crœsus, that had been amassed by draining out the very life-blood of the poor people, consisted of ninety francs in money, some memoranda of debts, but no records of property, for the simple reason that he had none.

Greece and Rome in their golden days possessed great souls that equalled, none that surpassed him in purity.

Meanwhile the good looked on and groaned. Counts Confalonieri and Porro alone mounted their horses and cried to the people, "What madness has seized you? Forbear! Your enterprise is infamous. Those who set you on deceive you. Do you not see the snare that is prepared for you? Be not Frenchmen, — be not Austrians, — be yourselves! Behold your senate on the very point of making you free and independent, — about to decree that your money shall no longer be sent out of Italy, — that, for the future, your blood shall be shed only to maintain your own sovereignty; and you,

at this solemn crisis, stain poor Milan and the Lombard name with the crime of assassination. Are you drunk with rage — direct it against the standard of a despotism which has ceased, and generously and manfully hazard your lives to prevent the imposition of another foreign yoke!" It was all in vain! Confalonieri and Porro then hastened to General Pino. They entreated him to assemble the small military force, not to harm, but to curb the mad populace. Pino dreaded compromising the credit of the hoped-for government. He feared that rigor might seem like violence, and he preferred to conciliate the populace whose assent in this exigency he deemed essential to the due recognition of the sovereignty of the Milanese regency. He therefore withheld the military force, and, mounting his horse, mingled with the multitude, soothing them with mild language, while they, ignorant of the difficult part he sustained, regarded the conduct of this honest man as connivance. The three noblemen, failing in their efforts to pacify the implacable Hydra, as a last expedient, applied to the curate of San Fedele, and implored him to appear in procession with the host. The venerable presence of

a priest bearing aloft the host of peace would have operated on the raging waves of the multitude like the presence of Israel on the waters of the Red Sea, the people dividing and standing immovable like two walls, while the rescued Prina, following the minister of Heaven and overshadowed by the wing of God, would have passed through unharmed. But the curate was of a poor spirit. He did not feel his mission, and he refused. The massacre of Prina was consummated. There are persons, who maintain that Pino wished to be nominated King of Italy. There may have been some who desired this, and it is quite possible that Pino himself hoped for it. Certain it is, that the old vice-president, Melzi, the venerable relic of the Cisalpine Republic, the Washington of Italy, when the regal nomination was offered to him, showed the crutches which supported his feeble frame, and uttered these beautiful words: "A President does not change that title for another; — you need a youthful king who can lead you to battle, — elect Pino."

There are those, too, who maintain that Eugene had given personal offence to Count Confalonieri. This is not true, unless it be proved

by Eugene's having wished, on several occasions, to appoint Confalonieri to eminent offices, or unless it be proved by these being invariably refused.

There are no presumptions against Count Porro, and all, even his enemies, admit that, in the affair of Prina, his conduct was irreproachable. This concession in his favor is a virtual acquittal of his two friends; because Porro was before, and at that time, in the closest bonds of intimacy with Pino and Confalonieri. With the latter he continued afterwards associated in all public and private affairs. Not so with General Pino, for he withdrew wholly into the country, where, stricken more by calumny than infirmity, he closed his life, honored and lamented.

There are two facts which enhance the value of the tribute due to the spotless name of Federigo Confalonieri. The one relates to the Countess Calderara, the countrywoman and intimate friend of Prina, who, though before his death she had no acquaintance with Federigo, afterwards sought his friendship, expressing her sense of all he had done to save her illustrious, ill-fated countryman. Her brother, a resident in

the house of Porro, met there as a weekly visiter this new and noble friend of his sister and himself. The other fact alluded to is this: Confalonieri published a justification of himself, from which it was so evident, that the murderous populace was urged on by the same hand that first unfurled in Milan the standard of the *Alta Casa*, that this power had no sooner established its domination in the Italian provinces, on which it was pleased to bestow the name of the Lombard-Venetian Kingdom, than an order was issued to Count Confalonieri to expatriate himself for some months in expiation of the high-minded publication. As to the rest, justice to all! It is no novelty in history to meet with rash ministers, who carry their zeal so far as to commit the most atrocious crimes without the previous knowledge or subsequent approbation of their masters.

I firmly believe the House of Austria to be innocent of the murder of Prina, with which the bloodthirsty Ghislieri laid the foundation of the Anti-Italian kingdom in Lombardy. I believe it to be innocent, because gratuitous and individual iniquities ordinarily proceed from personal enmity or self-interest, not from govern-

ments. Prina never had provoked the displeasure of the House of Austria; whereas Ghislieri, blinded by selfishness, hoped for a reward for his voluntary act. I believe Austria innocent, because Ghislieri was not rewarded for this, nor for other similar misdeeds.

Ghislieri was the principal agent in the process by which the celebrated physican Rasori, General Demeester, Colonels Gasparinetti, Moretti, Ullini, and others, were condemned. At the conclusion of this secret inquisition the House of Austria disgraced Ghislieri; and he, abandoned by those whom he thought to have served, cast down from the atmosphere of court favor, which till then had confounded his moral perception of right and wrong, came to himself, and, seeing the evil he had done, it seemed to him that an infernal mantle, covering him from head to foot, was fastened to his shoulders and could not be thrown off. To divest himself of it, he tore away the secular dress, — in vain. To hide it, he put on the Franciscan habit; — this too was in vain. It still wrapped him about, and, racked by remorse, he expired a few months after.

We hate no man. Our controversy is with evil, not with the penitent. Penitence in her sackcloth is as spotless as innocence in her robe, and both repose together in purity on the bosom of God. May he vouchsafe his peace to that unfortunate man!

In speaking of a curate of San Fedele, I have said, that he had a *poor spirit*. To avoid misunderstanding, I add, that the true and respectable curate of San Fedele had, for many years, been apoplectic, and was represented by a colleague, who might have been, in his own curacy, a *lion of Judah*, but, being responsible to another, he doubted, trembled, and, like Niobe, was petrified. I saw the excellent apoplectic and octogenarian curate four years after the event. He grasped my hand, and wept while he said to me; "Had Counts Porro and Confalonieri, who were once of my flock, come to me whilst I was in my parochial seat, and entreated me to go forth with the host to save Prina, I certainly should not have made them wait for me. Oh! I would have done it without being asked!"

The senate, inimical to France and fearing Austria, dissolved itself, and a regency was nominated ; not one representing the Kingdom of Italy, as composed by Napoleon, but merely a Lombard regency. Its first act was the selection of three commissioners to be sent to foreign powers. The commissioners were Counts Federigo Confalonieri, Luigi Porro, and Baron Trecchi. Confalonieri went to Paris, where the Congress then was ; Trecchi to Genoa to Lord Bentinck ; and Porro to the Austrian camp beyond the Ticino, to meet General Bellegarde. Lord Bentinck received Trecchi courteously, and promised all that was in his power, whatever service his good will could render him, but nothing from his government. General Bellegarde, respecting in Porro neither the rights of man, nor the sacred character of an ambassador, replied by making him a prisoner, breaking up the camp before his eyes, and putting his troops in motion to descend into Lombardy. Porro escaped from the enemy's hands, and returned to the regency with the sad news.

Confalonieri presented himself at Paris to Francis the First, who was all amazement, that his ancient subjects of Lombardy, after twenty

years of French occupation, should presume to harbour the thought of independence. "Go," he exclaimed, "and say to them, that new rights are added to the old ones. While I speak, my armies have reconquered them, and thus they are doubly my property," (*cosa mia.*)

Thus the regency was crushed. Bellegarde established a provisional government, during which Rasori's conspiracy occurred, and the criminal process consequent upon it was commenced by Ghislieri.

But Counts Porro and Confalonieri were not found among the conspirators. They again appeared, but ever without disguise; when called forth by a day of peril which they had not provoked, in a period when it was the duty of every citizen to remember that he has a country, and when not to remember it was a crime, — then, without recourse to violence, they took advantage of all the means which circumstances presented them.

After that desolation of Italy, called the *Restoration*, Porro went to Naples. There he learnt from Murat's preparations, both open and secret, his purpose to extend his power. On his return he visited Pius the Seventh, who, em-

bracing him before he knelt, demanded the news from Naples. Porro communicated what he had observed. Pius replied, "I am not unfriendly to Murat's enterprise, nor to the secret means by which he operates. The Carbonari have Italian hearts. You are an Italian, Count Porro, and so am I."

Whoever was acquainted with Pius the Seventh knows, that no one was more impatient than he of the Austrian yoke, and that these were not hollow phrases, but the true sentiments of that good old man. Cardinal Spina, his intimate friend, professed like principles; and, as long as he was legate at Bologna, he saved the Carbonari of that place from the requisition of the Austrian government. So much cannot be said for all the Cardinals who were legates.

But the enterprise of Murat failed.

(B.)

THE CONCILIATORE. — COR-MENTALISM.

Count Porro returned to Milan. The Austrian provisional government had become permanent, so that nothing remained for the true-hearted citizen but to wait, and, during this hollow and uncertain peace, generously to foster industry, commerce, agriculture, and the arts. For this end Confalonieri and Porro again combined their efforts. "Let us regenerate our country," they said, "totally regenerate it!" Letters, arts, schools, and manufactures were all brought into action to advance this new project for the improvement of Italy.

They began by instituting, in the house of Porro, the celebrated journal the *Conciliatore*, of which Silvio Pellico was the Editor. Through this journal they hoped to give a new literary direction to the intellect, or, in other words, to restore letters to their pure and primary end,

that is to say, *to lead to the true by means of the beautiful.*

They aimed to strike down the narrow limits of an intolerant and exclusive system of criticism, to produce a higher appreciation of the riches of our native literature, a better use of that of other nations, and to encourage such writers as should abandon the dogmas of conventional and counterfeit nature, to study her as she is, — one and multiform, but always pure and full of life.

The tragedies of Silvio Pellico, which may be called *psychological*, the *historical* tragedies of Alessandro Manzoni, the sublime odes of the latter, the tender and felicitous *Cantiche* of the former, the *Ildegonda* and the *Crociati* of Grossi, the *Promessi Sposi*, in short our most beautiful literary productions from 1819 to the present moment, are due to the salutary and enlightened impulse then given. When, in the place of nerveless, garrulous, and empty writers, Alfieri had appeared, who, like a mighty Sampson, breasted himself against the literature of two centuries, grasping and annihilating it, and crushing a herd of profane Philistines ; — when two only, burning with the sacred fire of the

God of Israel, escaped the general ruin, he * who sang the Christians' victories over the Turks, and he † who so powerfully personified

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* Vincenzo Felicaja, the sublimest of all the lyrical poets of Italy that have appeared for four hundred years, from Petrarch to Manzoni.

† Andreini, author of the remarkable tragedy of "Adam" (*Adamo*), in which Heaven, Earth, and Hell bear a part. The gigantic imaginations, and the bold and happy flights of genius, that his drama presents, which, according to the true nature of dramatic poetry, is not composed of narration, but of action, exalt Andreini to the rank of the most powerful inventors. His tragedy was represented at Milan, and received with indescribable enthusiasm. With the dramatic company which he directed, he was invited by Mary de' Medici to the French Court, where honors, extraordinary in those times, awaited him. A magnificent edition of the *Adamo*, with plates, was issued at Milan before Andreini's departure for Paris. It bears date 1617. After this Andreini fell into oblivion, and, if he were now and then disinterred, it was to be ridiculed. It is true, that Andreini belonged to an age of bad taste in writing; but ought any school, however correct, to tread under foot the substance of his sublime conception? It may easily be understood, that, before a good style and good thoughts were both attained, the human mind, in its natural progress (which is slow, gradual, and not by leaps) will arrive at a period when style becoming despotic will arbitrarily condemn merely good thoughts. Thus the fate

the allegory of the origin of man, — the Vico of poets, — like him sublime, barbarous, and unknown, the inspirer of the magnificent imaginations of Milton, as is Vico of the profound truths which now pervade every school of philosophy ; — when the colossal Alfieri was encircled by a noble and pure band of writers, exquisite in their different styles ; — when not a few of them, as Foscolo, Pindemonte, and Parini, had happily inwoven a moral purpose into their works ; — when another writer,* like

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of Andreini in an age of nothingness was such as might have been expected, but, with equal reason, may we expect that now, while his weak side is admitted, due honor and justice should be rendered to the conceptions and imagery of this surpassing poet. I shall esteem myself happy if I shall have been the cause of inciting my fellow-citizens to redeem from oblivion an Italian reputation which will augment the credit of our literature at home and abroad, especially with the English, who owe their "Paradise Lost" to Andreini. Milton's first purpose was to follow in the track of his inspirer Andreini, and to compose a tragedy as he did ; but, after a few scenes, he transferred his creative pencil to a vaster canvass.

* Carlo Gozzi, whom strangers honor and Italians deride ; I mean Italians of the age of nothingness, the age when style alone was regarded. It is hardly necessary to

Shakspeare, Calderon, and Schiller, had soared far beyond the prescribed dramatic arena, falsely called Aristotelian ; — it was time that a new literature should spring forth, nourished by great thoughts and lofty sentiments, teaching great truths, and impelling to great deeds.

Monti, that fortunate patriarch of good taste, who possessed nothing of his own but brilliant language, had wonderful talent for clothing in Italian costume literature which he did not create. He composed amorous meditations with thoughts from Goethe's *Werter*, gave in Italian

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say, that the followers of the drama (for the most part) regard Carlo Gozzi as one of the most powerful creators in their department, and as truly an original genius. Yet he, with Andreini, awaits from his country that favorable reception which she has hitherto denied ; and it becomes us, political exiles, to band ourselves with these our illustrious countrymen, who have suffered literary ostracism, and with them await the striking of that hour, when union, liberty, and independence shall be the inheritance that every man in Italy shall leave to his sons. And when that hour comes, since, according to psychological laws one species of freedom does not exist without another, we would then place in the Capitol the pedestals that shall support their statues, and the homage which shall follow will be an atonement for past ingratitude.

the epic poetry of Homer and Virgil, and produced tragedies and odes founded upon the works of the best tragic and lyric writers who had preceded him. When he attempted to be original, his greatest work, though a miracle of style, was a paltry affair, a theft, or rather *congeries* of thefts, and an offence against morals.

Italy felt the necessity of a purification from the stain of the *Basvilliana*, as if by that work Monti had polluted his country. And the other evil of *imitation* had plunged us into a general debasement, from which we did not rise till the dawning of a new day in the *Conciliatore*. Monti and the writers in the new journal were the true representatives of Italy, as seen under widely different moral phases.

Servile Italy was represented by Monti, who bent himself thirty times, not to thirty different opinions, but to thirty different masters. His mind inclined neither to freedom, nor to despotism, nor to any thing in itself considered. His was a *feudal* soul, devoted to men, not principles. He neither lauded a monarchy nor a democracy; but Napoleon the Emperor, and Bonaparte the Consul, both were alike to him. He could, as chance willed, change indifferently

Napoleon for Washington, Bonaparte the Consul for Francis the First of Austria, Lafayette for Pius the Sixth. In truth, several of his poems have successively borne all these names.

"A slave is but half a man," says Homer. It would seem that the anti-liberal condition in which Monti and his contemporaries were born, allowed them but half a soul, — capable of feeling, but not of creating, the beautiful. His indignation was unmeasured against what he termed a passion for originality. In his opinion, it was enough to imitate, or even remodel, what had been before produced.

But there was yet in *servile Italy* a certain unquiet spirit, that could not brook the common bondage; and this maintained a conflict, to which our country will one day owe its salvation. It was a spark of that sacred fire which preserved life in Italy, and gave birth to the transition from servility to freedom. Of this transition Foscolo was the representative.

Certainly Foscolo was highly liberal in his political opinions; but I speak of both civil and literary liberty, as well as of civil and literary servitude. When Italy willed her freedom, she possessed the men of the *Conciliatore;* so true

is it, that in the moral kingdom, as in that of taste, all is so accorded and knit together, that the arts become the expression of the civil, political, and religious condition of a people. He who fails to develope a principle in all its consequences stops half way, while another reaches the goal. The one is a good logician, the other is inconsistent with himself. We have in Italy eminent men whom I regard as my masters, who, like Foscolo, maintaining civil liberty on the one hand, and literary servitude on the other, do not perceive that the transition has been accomplished by him, that it was magnanimous, an advance, but that, this advance having been effected, they are retrograde, an obstacle to further improvement, *illiberal*.

In order to understand the great importance of the establishment of the *Conciliatore*, it has been necessary fully to develope its moral principle. It was a logical school of liberty. The Austrian government called it a conspiracy; and it is most true, that in a certain sense, every honest effort for social amelioration is a conspiracy, — a conspiracy of the good against the bad, — a conspiracy prescribed by the Gospel against all error, prejudice, and iniquity.

There were two professors at Bologna, both of them my venerable masters, one of whom, like Foscolo, maintained the principle of civil liberty alone, the other, that of both civil and literary liberty. The first is the honored Paolo Costa, to whom, though dissenting from him, I would express my gratitude. The name of the second belongs to Europe, Francesco Orioli, who, as Professor of Etruscan Antiquities, and afterwards of Psychological Philosophy, astonished Paris. It may be said, that he founded a colony in Bologna, professing the double liberty of the *Conciliatore ;* and further, that he felt the moral and æsthetic beauty of the religious principle ; nor did he believe it incompatible with true patriotism.

The *Conciliatore*, in its miraculous effects, may be compared to the tree of Nebuchadnezzar, which in one night produced flowers and fruit ; and all the flocks of the field came to feed under its ample branches. The *Conciliatore* at once brought out two great tragedians, who essayed to resolve two great problems of human nature. Pellico, *scrutans corda et renes*, selected the individual, and had before his eyes a purely spiritual universe. Manzoni took man-

kind collectively, — nations in their various stages of barbarism and civilization ; he therefore had a plastic universe of inanimate forms, into which he breathed the breath of life. Thus all external things, which according to the views of Pellico, were mere accessories, became to Manzoni of primary importance. While Pellico and Manzoni were quietly fulfilling the mission of teaching the present generation by depicting, each in his own mode, the passions and characters, virtues and vices, oppressions and wants of every age, Berchet, the Tyrtæus of Italy, composed poems for the present moment and for the most enslaved provinces, which produce *homesickness* in the poor exile, and kindle the fire of independence in the bosoms of those who breathe the air of our beautiful and adored Peninsula.

Should it be said, "*His is a local poetry, — it is not Italian, — it is not universal, — it will not live,*" we admit it. Berchet may have done little for the art, but he has done a vast deal for his country. We owe him our gratitude and veneration, that, while having the capacity to achieve much more, he has sacrificed a part of the duration of his name to the supreme earthly good, — the liberty of his native land.

Many eminent Italians residing abroad were contributors to the *Conciliatore*. Such were Pellegrino Rossi, and Sismondi, both residents in Geneva. In political economy the writers were Gioja, Romagnosi, Ressi, Pecchio, the Marquis Hermes Visconti, and the Counts dal Pozzo and Giovanni Arrivabene. In medical science, the colossal Rasori. In the exact sciences, the astronomers Plana, Carlini, and Mussotti. In *belles-lettres*, besides those already named, Baron Camillo Ugoni, who gave the first example of elegant criticism in our language, Giovita Scalvini, Monsignor Ludovico de' Marchesi di Breme, and Don Pietro Borsieri.

The new æsthetic doctrine of the *Conciliatore* was maintained by many critics independently of the journal itself.

Berchet first published a volume of "Conversations with his Uncle," for whom he had translated and elucidated the *Leonora* of Bürger. This was an actual example of possible excellence beyond the sphere, which alone, according to the rhetoricians, we were permitted to traverse. But they had forgotten, through blindness or ingratitude, that from Guido Guinizzelli (the *poetical ancestor* of Dante, and the

first parent of Italian literature) to Carlo Gozzi, the glorious sublimities of our muse were created and multiplied out of the prescribed sphere, and hence were wholly primogenial and original among us. Nevertheless the rhetoricians had prevailed. Dante, Petrarca, and all that school which arose by its own creative force, and not by imitation, had been shamefully renounced. Even Monti, with his store of words taken from every extrinsic source, reproached himself with not having sometimes been more *Homeric*, and thought that his beautiful version of the Iliad (which proves, as I have said above, that he could give an Italian costume to a work which he did not originate, and nothing more) would atone to the rhetoricians for his neglect of *legitimate* forms in his *Bardo* and other writings, till the appearance of the *Feroniade* should proclaim him perfectly orthodox.

All Italy now resumed the reading of the *Divina Commedia* and the lyrics of Petrarch. But this was an illusive spectacle, like the Aurora Borealis, which counterfeits the true light of day and the vital heat of the genial sun. Italy was ignorant of the hidden treasures these books contained; that is to say, of the vivify-

ing principle she might have extracted from them, if she had known how, and had desired to read them with a mental vision as pure, independent, and free, as the uncorrupted and unshackled spirits of the masterly patriot-poets who produced them. But (with shame be it confessed) Dante and Petrarca were then to Italy nothing more than two revived vocabularies or manuals of words and phrases, far better certainly than those of Frugoni and Bettinelli; and there was loud exultation that an end was made of the domination of these two pompous and stupid *men of words*. But what Dante and Petrarca really were, still remained involved in the obscurity of dense night. Gasparo Gozzi, a man of honorable mind and delicate perception, a good observer in morals, but a most timid critic, on the one side drawn by the powerful genius of his brother Carlo, and devoted, on the other, to the paltry precepts of the pigmy Boileaus of Italy, endeavoured to reconcile two contradictory and irreconcilable extremes. In a self-styled apology for the *Divina Commedia*, he pretends to show that the *Epic mould* or *stamp*, with all its machinery and artificial contrivances, was used, in an especial manner, by

Alighieri. This was a scandal upon the arts; but it was a proof of Gasparo's desire to save (rather from an instinctive feeling of the beautiful, than from any æsthetic clearsightedness,) the greatest poet of all ages and nations. Gasparo Gozzi rendered one service; he caused Dante to be received, though received as a *Homerist;* but this, instead of dispelling the clouds that involved the sublime and mysterious spirit of our ancient literature, and thus preparing for the dawn of a new day, only made the darkness more intense. Thus the ignorance which had existed was not removed, but an error was added to it.

In order therefore to gain attention, Berchet did wisely in coming forward with examples of a literature not national. If he had done otherwise, he would have had two difficulties to overcome, first, in establishing his new principle, and, secondly, in proving that it was in fact nothing more than our ancient and original principle. Every one had Dante at his fingers' ends, and how could he fail to understand his most hidden mysteries? To have pretended that new purposes had been discovered in the poet, would have seemed like a dream; and,

had conviction been less difficult, still self-love would have opposed a formidable obstacle to it. Thus it happened to my distinguished friend Gabriele Rossetti, though he supported his hypothesis by unanswerable proofs. And thus eminent professors have recently discussed Dante before foreign nations, who, while their audiences were awed by the bare utterance of his name, flippantly pursued the worn and wretched track, misinterpreting the work of this masterly reorganizer of popular freedom. There are others, who perceive in Dante something magnificent, but it grieves me that they have not yet discovered in what this magnificence consists. More noble was the conduct of the learned Gravina, who said; "I discover in Dante an immense mystery; I have not the key to it, but I see, afar off, the day when it will be possessed, and his work will be regarded from a far higher point of view." Notwithstanding this confessed ignorance, Gravina bestowed on Dante, among other lofty titles, that of the Poet-Legislator; for so, it seems, even in his darkness, Dante appeared to him. Now those critics, who have not taken a single step in advance of Gravina, have in one view retro-

graded ; for, while they repeat his positive assertions, they do not, like him, admit that any thing remains to be discovered. We must have patience, if the fear of committing themselves prevents their giving in their adhesion to Rossetti ; but let them not be ashamed to confess frankly, that there is one who has attempted to reveal the vast mystery, without making themselves responsible for the gigantic attempt.

If the incidental and passing notice in these pages would atone in the slightest degree for the pusillanimous (I will not say envious) silence of the professed expositors of Dante, I might cite distinguished names among the adherents of Rossetti. I might mention Camillo Ugoni, the elegant author of the history of one period of our literature, and the acute Francesco Orioli, already mentioned, to whose merit all praise is inadequate. I might have added Salfi, but he, after having once given his assent, has retracted, from deference to those judicious persons who said to him, "How then! have you and I studied our Dante these twenty years without comprehending him?" To return to Berchet; it was his business to simplify, not to embarrass, the question ; he therefore did not meddle with

that which was already known, and came forward with the unknown. No one among us had as yet pronounced upon this, and no one among us found any obstacle to receiving it into that new school which he made us anticipate.

Monsignore Ludovico de' Marchesi di Breme, a strong-minded and noble-hearted man, discerned clearly that a literature could not be reformed without introducing a great principle, fruitful in its results, and that this, the principle of regeneration, must also be the offspring of another principle, into which it is engrafted and by which it is nourished.

But for this principle we should relapse into pure selfishness, all save the upright, the disinterested, the Lafayettes of every country ; and these are so rare, that the age and nation is distinguished which can boast of such men.

There must be faith in something. The philosophy, that then prevailed in Italy, was adapted to destroy all faith, and not produce it. It was an *experimental philosophy*, utterly barren of sentiment. But the philosophy of Ludovico di Breme, a man of religious spirit, and the intimate friend of Silvio Pellico, was founded on a far better basis than empiricism. He sub-

sequently unfolded it, supporting it with irresistible arguments, and enforcing it with a persuasive, fascinating eloquence, that captivated his hearers. His was the philosophy of Christ.

How omnipotent is the truth! Breme and Manzoni, who alone were imbued with the spirit of the Gospel, were surrounded by cherished friends, whose reason and feeling both rejected it. It was a triumph to find among them even a *Deist*. By degrees, serious meditations on the absolute necessity of a social reorganization, honest investigations in which former prejudices were put aside, just conclusions, that is to say, fair deductions from unexceptionable and incontestable principles, conquered now this, and now that strong-hold of infidelity; till finally those stubborn spirits confessed the Christian principle to be the only one by which society (even though not Christian) can subsist, — the only one by which individuals (themselves not Christian) can maintain mutual toleration, respect, and love. They perceived that the Christian principle must exist where man is, because it is not a *human discovery*, but has its foundation in human nature; and hence it more or less pervades all schools,

all systems of philosophy, and all religions, just in proportion as they tend to humanize the sons of Adam. The solution of the problem thus philosophically demonstrated is, then, *All that is human is Christian, all that is unchristian is at enmity with humanity.* Breme had arranged in his fine mind a book which he called the *Harmonies of Nature;* it was the philosophy of love, — a hymn to God. In this he gave a scientific form to the Gospel, maintaining its principles by reasoning adapted to constrain every unprejudiced and honest man to enter the immense circle of creation, from a regard to his own interests, or, in breaking from it, to confess himself an emissary of Satan, a being devoid of love, self-debased, destructive. Every right and its exercise, all equity, all morals, all liberal principles, friendship, brotherhood, equality, derive their origin from this circle of creation, which it is the mission of humanity to perfect. Injustice, immorality, usurpation, despotism, the distinction of castes, all that tends to the destruction of man, are without this circle, maintaining the direful conflict of Lucifer. Unfortunately Breme died before his book saw the light; and, what was still worse,

without leaving any written materials by which others might profit. He composed two dramas, *Ida* and *Ernestina*. They were not printed, but were represented at Milan and Mantua by the Marchionni company. They were teeming with cardinal and original beauties.

The Marquis Hermes Visconti undertook to give an exposition of the *poetical tenets* of the *Conciliatore* with reference to the ultra-montane distinction of the *classic* and *romantic* schools, which has caused so many disputes and conflicting errors. The time had not yet come to reveal to the public, whom it was wished to release from civil and literary bondage, the lofty theories which Breme's book would have set forth. The purpose of making men more spiritual could be effected only by degrees. To place the history of the middle ages, as a source of poetry, on the same level as the history of Greece and Rome, to admit their analogous customs and faith (such as chivalry, vassalage, and monotheism) to be equivalent or even preferable to the customs and faith of another form of society (consisting of patricians, plebeians, and polytheists), was only enlarging the field of action, it was not getting rid of mate-

riality, it was only exchanging one long-used material for another, newer, fresher, and purer. Let the old material, by a conventional distinction, be called *classic*, with reference to the languages and works of the ancient Greeks and Romans, which have now become classic; and let the new material be termed *romantic* (from the nations who, when the ancient Greek and Latin fell into disuse, spoke languages which, being derived from that of the Romans, gave to their literature the epithet *romantic*); or in other words (for the reasons above stated) let a theme derived from ancient story designate the composition as *classic*, and one from modern story as *romantic*. This is all conventional, and well enough. Still we see, that this change is a change of material, not of essence, and therefore can only be a transition towards a subsequent essential change. It is to the poetry of this state of transition that the book of Hermes Visconti relates.

As I have said, Breme died without leaving any traces of his book, which doubtless would have furnished a complement to the future work of the *Conciliatore*, to which the treatise of Visconti may be considered as an introduction.

That the *Conciliatore* at first belonged to a transition state is declared by its title. The word *Conciliation* expresses an *eclectic* view, not one original, fixed, and methodized. I had no acquaintance with Breme, nor with his doctrines of spirituality, which he unfolded in conversation with his friends. They were afterwards communicated to me by Silvio Pellico at Spielberg; but before that, and while I was imprisoned at Venice with the excellent Count Giovanni Arrivabene, he proposed this problem to me; "Which have done most honor to the human mind, the productions of the *classic*, or those of the *romantic* literature?"

Called upon for a solution, I examined the past and the present; the Eastern, Western, Southern, and Northern nations. I perceived in every production two essential characteristics, not belonging to eras, climes, or languages, but to the social condition; I mean, to the moral, political, and religious condition, peculiar to every different period of literature, and distinct from that resulting from the particular circumstances of every individual. All nations and ages furnished me promiscuously with abundant illustrations of this truth. They were to

be derived from the ancient remains of the Indians and Persians, — of the believers in Brahma, Vishnu, Siva, Buddha, Oromasdes, and Arimanes, — of the Egyptians, Phœnicians, and Hebrews, — those of the Græco-Latin races, — those belonging to the subjects of the Druidical theocracy, — those of the believers in the Northern or Tartaric traditions, — those of Greece and Rome; from the middle and latter ages; and, finally, from the era of modern civilization. There are writers, who are unfaithful to the fortunate position in which the course of events has placed them, and who go backward. They are children of error, ministers of darkness, a portion of that Evil which is the condition of all finite things, and from which even Paradise was not exempt. But there are others who second the spirit of the age, if it be good, and improve and urge it onward. They are the prophets and leaders of a more advanced stage of civilization. Between these two extremes the gradations are infinite.

If then, to ascertain the past condition of arts and letters, it is essential to know what men have been, and what have been their respective forms of society, I would first ask in general,

"What is man? What is society? What was paganism? And what effect is designed by the new principle of the Gospel?" Surveying the subject from a philosophical elevation, we perceive, that man is made for a social state, and not for himself alone, and that it is impossible society should subsist without Charity. Charity is the only social law, — the only law which regards *futurity*, the only law of progress. Paganism is selfish and material. The domination of brute force, of riches, of inhumanity, and of materiality, accords with paganism; for they are all logical corollaries from the same principle of selfishness and materialism, by which it is informed. It matters not, that these consequences have not always, in their full extent, been all involved in paganism. It must be granted, that they might have been, since the basis of paganism is in opposition to every form of human society, even to the domestic state.

This being admitted (and it is undeniable), I request my readers to adhere strictly to the inferences. In examining, for instance, the literature of the Old Testament, I find in it an element common to the religious character of Christian times, — *Monotheism;* but I also find

the stiff-necked Jews (always bending earthward) in direct opposition to the spirituality of the Gospel. Christ blessing the *poor in spirit* annihilates with a single word, on one side, the selfishness and materiality of paganism, and, on the other, the outward form of Judaism. I utterly disregard the flippant interpretation of Voltaire, who believed, or would have others believe, that it was the intellectual poverty of fools which was blessed, and not a separation of the soul from our material part and all that surrounds it.

Now I ask, first, What is the character of the literature of pagan Greece and Rome? Certainly it is for the most part material, selfish, *plastic*, presenting every thing, if I may so speak, in profile, since it is utterly devoid of the principle of seriousness which should have infused into it heart and mind. I am well aware that exceptions may be adduced; but the persons who form the exceptions, are in opposition, whether it be for good or evil, to the actual state of things; like the great Socrates, who with his monotheism was not the representative, but the opposer, of the prevailing theogony. Had he written poetry, it would have resembled that of the Hebrews.

Secondly, I proceed to the inquiry, What is the literature of the Old Testament? Precisely the opposite of the material, selfish, and *profilary* literature of paganism; but it may, like that, be *plastic*.

And, thirdly, what is Christian literature? Dante is the most complete exemplification of Christian literature, and on that account is incomparably superior to all other poets. Christian literature, like that of the Old Testament, is neither material, selfish, nor *profilary*. The *plastic* principle is found in it as in that; but with this difference, that in the former this characteristic reigns alone, in the latter it is entirely subordinate to the spiritual principle, though united to it and informed by it, as the body is guided, governed, and informed by the thinking faculty. Here we have the whole principle of art among Christians; and we must begin to discern it even among those not Christian, for the reason, often repeated, that the principle of Christianity is in human nature. And hence its traces, more or less distinct, may and should be perceived prior to man's reception of it from the Gospel (as among the Indian Monotheists, the Hebrews, and, at a later period, among the

Mahometans), excepting only where the principle contrary to that of charity has prevailed, the anti-human, destructive, selfish principle. This was incontestably the case with pagan nations; and whoever among them made himself eminent either in theory or in practice, waged war against it. This, as we have said, was done in theory by Socrates. It was done by Plato, by the Alexandrine School, and by the Stoics down to Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius. The principle of the Christian religion was practically manifested in all that partial love of country, that so abounded in Greece and Rome;—a striking contradiction to certain dogmatic systems of morals most in vogue, and the strongest proof that the principle of Christianity exists in human nature, and that it springs up even amid the thorns and briars that threaten to choke it.

Hence is apparent the great hallucination of certain critics, who pretend, "that Christianity has destroyed the arts, since it no longer spiritualizes them as did the Greeks." The principle of spiritualization reigns supreme in Christianity, forming its primal essence, and that of whatever it touches, penetrates, influences. The

Greeks had only conceptions of outward forms, not merely in the fine arts which address the eye, but in those also which address the imagination. Open Homer, Sophocles, Pindar, — their poetry all refers to external appearances. Whence comes this character exclusively *plastic* in the fine arts of the pagans? The reason is this. The pagan separates himself from his fellow men; he is a selfish and solitary being; he views himself as the centre towards which all the rays from the periphery of creation should converge. Creation is to him merely a repository of various materials, more or less splendid, which he may, according to his will and knowledge, adapt to his use; and, as he is finite, and all things bear a relation to his finiteness, he takes only finite views of the creation.

This pagan world is but a poor thing. And what is the immediate consequence to the arts? It is this; they become the exhibition of the materials found in this storehouse, and, whether the choice be confined to a certain class of subjects or not, this circumstance constitutes but a mere distinction between different schools; an exhibition, which the arts produce by their appropriate means, whether they operate *in space*,

and thus produce painting, sculpture, architecture, and whatever implies extension, — or *in time*, producing poetry, music, and all that implies succession. This exhibition is that which has been always called *imitation ;* and this is the originating principle of the pagan arts. That is to say ;

Imitation is the origin of the arts.

Reality is the effect of the arts.

Pleasure the end of the arts.

Imitation ; — but finite and low, limiting itself (with or without selection) to the representation of the external world, considered only as a means of pleasure.

Reality ; — the art, and the artist have attained their highest excellence, when the bird pecks at the painted grapes, or when the Athenian would withdraw the veil to behold the lady it conceals. What marvellous puerility ! What ignorance of the sublime and spiritual aspirations of art. This *reality* threatened the destruction of the drama, when it decreed, that the duration of the action should not exceed the time of the scenic performance, and afterwards graciously extended it to a day, or a day and a half. Poetical reality is the basis of

art ; naked reality the absence of art. This last reality has been annihilated by Manzoni, in his invaluable system of dramatic poetry.

Pleasure ; — here is the secret of the whole ; selfish pleasure without elevation.

But such is not Christian art, or that form of art suitable to man, when he is true to his nature, and would fulfil the end of his creation.

Such a man thus reflects: "If I am born not to exist as a mere individual, but as one of the members of a larger body, — society, the preserving principle of all its members must be harmony, love, charity, equality, brotherhood, the renunciation of all partial and private advantage for the good of the whole. Every act of mine must be an act of *coöperation.* Every process of thought in my own mind, every effect which it may produce in the external world, must be *coöperation.* If, as a teacher, I devote myself to the theory of morals, or if, in some political or military office, my attention is directed to practical morality, I understand to what ends they should be subservient. If I devote myself to the sciences, these likewise must be *coöperative.* The coöperation of these modes of life with any social order whatsoever, may

be easily understood. If I am devoted to the arts, this pursuit, not less than the preceding, must enter into the great circle of creation, — *love, harmony, coöperation.*"

Farther, since society is the indispensable condition of human existence ; since the sacrifice of individual pleasure and indulgence is a law of morality, that is to say, essential to the good, the progress, and the elevation of the whole united human race ; then this united, ennobled race, when, in the fulness of time, it shall have attained its highest point, must find other destinies in reserve. Hence follows a future state. Hence follows the necessity of a wise Disposer of that state. Hence it follows, that there is a God. To acknowledge that Charity is the only law of society, and not to acknowledge that *à posteriori* (or by analysis) we must ascend from *society* and *charity* to God, even as *à priori* charity and society proceed from him, is a solemn absurdity. What then are God, humanity, individuality, creation, to the social man, or, what is the same thing, to the Christian ? — since the principle of Christianity and the laws or possibility of association are identical. And here we come anew to the question

proposed on a former page, which could be fully answered only after the preceding remarks.

God is the author of all; all is in Him, nothing is without Him. From Him all proceeds; to Him all returns. Humanity, individuality, creation, are a manifestation of Him, his image, his likeness. God is substance, for he is the only self-existent being. Creation is a form of this substance. God is *goodness*, *truth*, *poetry*. Creation is *beauty*, is *art*, is the mirror that reflects the goodness, truth, and poetry which are the Divine essence. Substance and form are not separate, but constitute a unity: form is a condition of space and time; substance is absolute.

Thus the type of the arts to the pagan consists in the representation of finite nature as it appears to us; to the Christian, it consists in the expression of the Infinite, of that which is beyond nature, and of which nature is but the *manifestation*, *form*, and *reflection*. Christian art seeks to present God through the medium of *forms*. God is the end; form, the vehicle. Pagan art seeks to present man, not man in the abstract, but individual man, and, though by the same means employed by Christian art,

pagan art is very far from deriving from them the same results. Why? Because the Word is wanting, at the bare utterance of which the veil is rent, and the inquirer is introduced into the Holy of Holies. This is susceptible of logical proof. In Christian art, finite nature being required to portray the Infinite itself, rises, as it were, to infinity. In pagan art, it debases and degrades itself, since, while it is the *manifestation*, *form*, and *reflection* of the infinite God, instead of remounting to its sun, substance, and hidden source, it is unsphered, and made subservient to finite man.

After this glance at the different character of pagan and Christian art, it is apparent that the latter, claiming to have its model above nature, does not imitate that model, but has an inward feeling of it, divines it, aspires to it, and is, in turn, inspired by it, *afflatur a numine*. Therefore,

Inspiration is the origin of the arts;

Beauty, the means (or instrument) of the arts;

Good, the end of the arts.

That is to say, the aim of the arts is always that *charity*, that *love*, that *social harmony*, which conducts to God, who is *goodness*, *truth*, and

poetry. Hence the terms *inspired* arts, *fine* arts (arti *belle*), *liberal* arts (arti *buone*), are perfectly correct; one denomination does not exclude the others, they are coincident; it is only to be remarked that they should be considered as referring to the origin, means, or end of those arts. It is obvious, that whatever is, must have an origin, means, and an end.

The pagan artist scales the loftiest summit of the Andes, but there heaven is excluded from his view as by a vault of adamant, which (save in its proportions) is to him, like the wall of his *studio*, bounded on every side. Hence he surveys the earth, to him the universe; and this supposed universe is the palette which supplies him with colors to paint; — What? — Himself.

The Christian artist feels himself unbound, not only from earth, but from the whole creation over which he has dominion. He grasps it in his hand, and, bearing it upward to Him of whom it is the image, they there repose in a divine union with the Universal Being.

These, and these only, are the principles from which the Christian arts proceed. He who, born in Christian times, does not conform to

them, is hostile to the principle of good, as Socrates was to the principle of evil. He who, not being born in Christian times, conforms to them, obeys the final laws of the universe. There is no alternative.

Things must exist first; the knowledge of them, science, afterwards. But Science is sometimes a false interpreter of things, whose spirit has not been revealed to her, when she notwithstanding undertakes to reveal it. Thus it was with Schlegel, the illustrious William Schlegel. He disavowed the end, that is, the whole essence of the Christian arts, which, as we have said, is the only final essence of the arts.

It is true, that none can be called a follower of the arts simply from having proposed to himself *good* as his aim; for then a sermon, or the Gospel, would be most conspicuous productions of the arts. They have the basis upon which they might become so; but are deficient in the *means* necessary to constitute them such; these *means* being, as we have said, the *beautiful*. The Epistles of Horace are only naked philosophy in excellent verse. The philosophy may, or may not, be Christian, or social; it may be good or bad; but it is not philosophical *poetry*,

nor social *poetry*, simply because, though there is no want of philosophy, the Epistles are not *poems*.

Philosophy should be infused into the soul of the poem; that is, it should proceed from the nature, from the vital principle, of the subject, which in all its parts should express its aim, even when it is not directly inculcated in words. Take, for example, an ode, or a ballad. There may not be manifested, in the whole poem, an act or a character, that in its internal springs accords with any affection or social harmony that leads to God; but, instead of this, the poet (or perhaps some personage of the piece) makes a splendid harangue replete with fine sentiments. I do not say that this may not be useful to the reader. I respect the intention of the worthy author; but I cannot say that he has employed an artist's means to accomplish his good work. He is one of that class of philosophers who lecture from the chair, without poetry; with this only difference, that he speaks in verse.

In fine, the end (good) should be infused into the poem, whether epic, lyric, or dramatic, and not taught in the didactic form. To maintain that *art is its own end*, as William Schlegel

has said, and Victor Hugo repeated, and then to add that art and the artist should instruct incidentally, incite to *good*, unfold *truth* and cause it to be loved, is inconsistent. The view which I have presented must be substantially correct. Schlegel and Hugo, whom I respect as superior writers (if not always and in all things as great artists), are, then, as it appears to me, in the wrong, and an honest conscience emboldens me to say so.

I had arranged all these reflections in my mind, preparatory to the solution of the problem proposed by Arrivabene, when it occurred to me on a sudden to discard the terms *classic* and *romantic* (derived, not from the essence, but the material), which had been adopted during the period of the transition above indicated. Since the characteristic results, which I had noticed in the literature of every age and nation, bore at one time the impress of profound thought and sentiment, and, at another, that of superficialness in both; since the terms *classic* and *romantic* (expressing a change of material, and not of essence,) were invented for transient and false purposes, and I had shown them to be such; I was compelled to substitute others suited to

the necessity of the case. The word *spirituality* presents too many significations ; and I was unwilling to limit it by a definition, since definitions do little to secure from error. A proof, in point, of this is the thousand acceptations of the terms *classic* and *romantic*, upon which critics have never agreed, because the words in themselves do not express what is intended. Profound poetry, whether of thought, imagination, or sentiment, might, as I believed, be described by two words ; — the one, *mente* (mind), comprehending thought and imagination ; the other, *core* (heart), expressing *sentiment.* From these I have ventured to form the compounds *cor-mental*, *cor-mentalism*, and *cor-mentalist.* In this compound, the word *mente* is used to denote every creation properly called intellectual; and the word *core*, every creation emanating from the feelings, from the gentlest breath of affection to the strongest emotion. From the intellect, as from a mother, proceeds the newly formed *idea;* the heart, like a tender nurse, receives and cherishes it into youth and manhood.

That poetry which neither thinks, imagines, nor feels profoundly, which skims over the surface without ever sounding the depths, not from

being faulty in its kind, but from its nature (thus forming a distinct species, good in its way, but the reverse of the other), might be defined by the words *superficialness* and *superficial*, if they had not been perverted from their pure and original meaning, and become terms of censure. We would avoid needless occasions of misunderstanding. The words *sketch* and *profile* are familiar in the fine arts, and either of them would designate admirably that species of composition, which touches without penetrating, which delineates without coloring. If we prefer the second as more definite, we may derive from it *profilism*, *profilary*, and *profilist*.

Thus, not restricted to ages or nations, I should say, that nearly all the literature of the Bible is *cor-mental*, and that of Greece and Rome almost wholly *profilary*. Virgil, a poet who had a presentiment of Christianity, was an illustration of the transition from the *profilary* poetry of paganism to the *cor-mental* poetry of Christianity. This characteristic of his poetry is manifest in his manner of portraying sentiment. Ovid sometimes enters into the passions, and not in a manner altogether *profilary*. Tacitus is a writer entirely *cor-mental*. Dante,

Petrarch, Ariosto, Tasso, and Guarini are *cor-mental* poets ; Dante, from his profound thought, imagination, and feeling ; Petrarca, more from the latter quality than the two former ; and Ariosto, from that kind of imagination which may be called *mechanical* or *plastic*, which is more extended than elevated, and which differs widely from another kind of imagination which may be called *spiritual*. Further than this, Ariosto was ignorant how to create those characters completely formed, which proceed in part from the intellect (or more properly from the spiritual imagination), and partly from the heart, that is, from sentiment and passion.

Tasso is to be ranked as a *cor-mental* poet, chiefly from the spiritual imagination and feeling with which he has delineated his characters, and they are the first which we meet with in modern literature. This is the real original merit (almost unnoticed) of his poem, which falls so far below the aim that the poet of the Crusades should have proposed to himself. But rare are the poets who are in advance of the age in which they live. The noble madness of the Crusaders could only be justified by the overpowering impression, that both religion and

civilization were in jeopardy. The fear for religion should have been the offspring of the poet's Christianity; that for civilization, of his patriotism. Tasso is a lukewarm Christian; as might be expected at that critical period, when the unity of the ancient Catholic church was broken by Luther's protest. There is no inspiration in his religion. Peter the Hermit is the most insignificant figure in the epic picture of *Jerusalem Delivered*. Tasso was not a patriot. His times afforded no field for the patriotism of generous spirits. Long discipline in servitude had enervated the intellect; and if an innate and irrepressible spirit of independence burst forth, it flowed in forbidden channels. It could not do otherwise. It was as a sacred Minerva, whom the evil times caused to come forth blind from her intellectual sanctuary, and through blindness often to wander in polluted ways. In that future day, when this sacred Minerva shall come forth all-seeing, she will march right onward to her end, giving freedom, in her progress over the earth, at once to the individual and to communities. She will not attain this end, till she grasps a torch in either hand; a political torch in her left, lighted and fed by that of religion in her right.

Guarini, the great Guarini, is constituted a *cor-mental* poet by the spiritual imagination and the heart that he infuses into his creations of character, and by the mechanical imagination which enabled him to invent a new dramatic form prior to that of Shakspeare, and which Shakspeare knew and adopted. All the great English poets who founded their country's literature (as well as their successors) were acquainted with the fathers of ours, and drew from them the generous nutriment that made them Herculean. Guarini, besides that in *characters* and in *form*, has another *cor-mental* characteristic, pathos. No modern dramatic poet, prior to him, had risen to his elevation.

I have spoken of the *cor-mental* poets Andreini, Filicaja, and Alfieri, but in another point of view; and I am aware that I have not yet characterized their poetry. Nor have I the intention to characterize here more particularly either their poetry, or that of others, whom I have too cursorily passed over, or whom I have entirely omitted to notice. Poliziano, Lorenzo de' Medici, Sannazzaro, Giambattista Giraldi-Cintio, the two Buonarotti, Vittoria Colonna, and Machiavello are all excellent, and

the only original poets of that period. Poets these are, I say it boldly, not yet understood by our critics, who have so extolled them. They form a new era in the creative poetry of Italy, — the second age after that of Dante. Who has characterized this second period? No one as yet. But who has characterized even the first era? No one, — unless it be he who rent asunder the mysterious veil, Gabriele Rossetti. The other writers of the sixteenth century, whom our masters hold up to us as great poets, are not poets. Marini (neither quite deserving condemnation, nor acquittal) would, with Ariosto's style, have been vastly superior to him. Was it merely a defect of style, or was there an organic defect in his creative faculty? I believe there was.

Metastasio's dramas are not *cor-mental*. His scenes, taken collectively, are not even *profilary*. They are mere sketches or outlines of dramas, here and there gemmed with beautiful little odes, which are sometimes philosophical, sometimes even *cor-mental*.

Salvioli, a *profilist* (but a surpassing one), is the last swan of Greece. We know that swans die singing, to rise again, like the phœnix, from

age to age. In one of these beautiful re-appearances Salvioli fell to the lot of Italy. His roses possess the Hellenic voluptuousness and sweetness, with the freshness of the roses of spring; and they are of his own creation.

What shall be said of Chiabrera and Guidi? Both brainless and heartless, how could they be poets! Guidi fell upon a volume of papal homilies, which he translated into verse, and called odes. Chiabrera pilfered a sentence here and there, sometimes from Isaiah, sometimes from Pindar, and with these he added lyric to lyric *ad infinitum*, — all worthless. He invented metres at pleasure, and, as it seems to me, with unequal success. He was the first to make compound words after the Grecian model, and thus to bestow a new form on our idiom. There is a marked difference between Guidi and Chiabrera. The latter invested both his own pretty nothings and his stolen ideas in an intricate, obscure, and ungrammatical phraseology, in the very worst style. Guidi's language corrected the faults of the seventeenth century; it is a magnificent pontifical robe, with which he adorns Clement's homilies. This constitutes all his poetry. The school of Bologna began

to sow good seed, and Zanotti, Manfredi, Fabri, and Ghedini were excellent cultivators, but not one of them a poet. Gaspare Gozzi had just prepared the soil, when Frugoni and Bettinelli passed over it like a sweeping tempest, laying waste the surrounding fields. Fortunately the injury was repaired, and is now forgotten.

Count Terenzio Mamiani della Rovere published last year, at Paris, a small volume of sacred Hymns. The elegance and refinement of their style render them, in my opinion, a valuable acquisition to Italian literature, but I search in vain for their poetry. They embody very fine sentiments, but these do not spring forth from the subject. The poet, who is still in the prime of life, may atone for this defect in other productions; and he must pardon me, if, while I give him the praise so justly his due, I endeavour to excite him to higher efforts, by which he is able to enrich the literature of his country. May we not say that the fine genius of Mamiani has in this work been sacrificed to a false system of criticism. The journal *L'Europe littéraire* points out particularly the error which I have intimated, and in a way which appears to be a spontaneous and ingenuous confession from the

author himself. "He labored," it is there said, "to clothe Christian thoughts in an Homeric garb."

Would that he had succeeded! We are not the slaves of *form*, though that be something far more sublime, and directed by a more spiritual principle, than we are apt to imagine. Every form is good inasmuch as it is adapted to produce its appropriate end; but let it not be supposed that one form can be changed for another and the result remain the same. The form of Alfieri's tragedy is in perfect keeping with the naked thoughts which he presents. The man of Alfieri belongs not to any country, clime, or age. He does not dramatize the story of a nation, or nations, but the indefinite, metaphysical, abstract struggle between political liberty and slavery. Or if (as he rarely does) he changes his theme, it is that he may pass from one moral conception to another. *Mirra*, the divine *Mirra*, is the personification of incest. The exquisite *Alceste Seconda* is conjugal love and friendship. *Saul*, indeed, is not an intellectual abstraction divested of flesh, bones, and sinews, like the others; but he is a human figure in time and space, modelled according to the real condition, cus-

toms, and faith of the age in which he lived. *Abele* is also a conception of this order, and Alfieri was compelled to discard the form he had previously adopted. I beg my reader to note, that with great poets the form is a necessary result of the object proposed. Therefore it can never be said, *This form is better than that.* The new form invented by Guarini, and afterwards elaborated, according to their national and individual peculiarities, by Shakspeare in England, by Lope, Cervantes, and Calderon in Spain, by Schiller, Kotzebue, and Göthe in Germany, and by Andreini, Carlo Gozzi, Manzoni, and Alfieri (in *Abele*), by each of them in a mode peculiar to himself, is an excellent form for historical tragedy, of which it is the purpose to dramatize extrinsic circumstances, as those of time and place ; but would be the worst possible for the psychological tragedies of Alfieri and Pellico, where the intent is to dramatize the internal emotions of the soul. Which of these two is the most sublime ? Both are capable of the highest sublimity, each of its own kind ; but the poet may fail in his object, though not from any defect in his form, provided that which he selects is fitted to his

purpose. It is not true, that Alfieri's is the Aristotelian form. I will venture to assert, in opposition to Schlegel, that the Greek form is imperfect and ill adapted to the dramatic representation both of the *inner* and the *outer man;* for the Greeks were *profilists*, not *cor-mentalists*, in the delineation of both. The imperfection of their form is a logical consequence from this. It is still more false, that Alfieri's was the conventional and grotesque form of the theatres of Louis the Fourteenth and Louis the Fifteenth. Alfieri is the first poet, either ancient or modern, who has successfully attempted to dramatize the inner man. The form that he selected is thence the deliberate, immediate, and necessary consequence of his conception ; — it is his own, and is both original and logical. Afterwards purposing to dramatize, not man in the abstract, but man in time and space, he adopted another form. This he did not invent, for Guarini had preceded him in this same mode of dramatizing the outward world ; and Alfieri only impressed on it a character peculiar to himself, as, without changing its species, we have seen has been variously done in England, Spain, and Germany, according to the diversity of

nations, times, manners, and individuals. Alfieri (as far as I know) has not been viewed in this light, and consequently he has been severely censured at home and abroad.

First, because his conception of the moral regeneration, to which it was his purpose to lead his countrymen, and for which alone free Italy should erect a temple to him, has never been analyzed and estimated.

Secondly, because the admirable agreement of his modes of conception with the object he had in view, has never been properly analyzed and estimated. It is this which, according to my view, distinguishes the consummate artist.

Pellico, on the contrary, perceiving that his contemporaries shared with him the work of political regeneration which Alfieri had sustained alone, did not feel compelled to picture the inner man in a single point of view; he therefore presented him in various aspects, all fresh and original. *Francesca da Rimini* is a portraiture of the most refined love, and has no direct political object. *Eufemio di Messina*, misunderstood and ill-treated by wretched critics, is even a greater work than *Francesca*. It presents another view of passion, not delicate like that, but

violent and consuming. Love is here portrayed like an immense colossus, which being overthrown makes the earth tremble, and involves whatever surrounds it in its own total ruin. *Erodiade* is as sublime a creation of character as the *cormental* drama can boast, and may be placed beside Alfieri's *Saul* and Shakspeare's *Hamlet*, which are of the same genus. *Gismonda*, *Leoniero di Dertona*, *Ester d' Engaddi*, *Iginia d' Asti* delineate the external world far more than Alfieri's tragedies ; still the delineation is always incidental. *Guido Antipapa* and the *Colombo* (unpublished) are chiefly such delineations, and therefore they have the form of Guarini and Shakspeare. All things should have their appropriate place. The form should be fitted to the end proposed, but form alone cannot constitute a particular kind of literature, such as may hence be called *classic* or *romantic*. Forms are a mere clothing, which every species of literature may adopt with more or less success, that is, with more or less adaptation to the end proposed ; for every form not adapted to its subject is like an ill-fitting, ungraceful, and embarrassing dress.

From this it follows of course that Count Mamiani might perfectly well have given an Homeric form to Christian thoughts. But it is precisely the thoughts of these Hymns that are not in any sort Christian. Christian thoughts would have been spiritual, *cor-mental*, and in this quality the Hymns are utterly wanting. Their aim should have been either psychological or social which it is not ; or, if they have any such purpose, it is not infused into the essence of the poem, but is something extrinsic to it. It is Christian solely in the substitution of Raphael for Mercury, and Geltrude for Diana. I have already called this the mere change of an old material for a new one ; the spirit that pervades the new is still pagan.

My high estimation of the author's powers induces me to say to him, that his intention (if it be that expressed in *L'Europe Littéraire* of May 27th, 1833,) has not been carried into effect. In a review of Italian philosophy in that journal by the same author, he does not seem to me to take into account an important element, if it be not the sole principle, of the Italian arts. This is the *Platonic* principle of the *Alexandrine* school, transmitted to us through

the dark ages by the channel of the Holy Fathers; a principle which informed our literature and arts, from their birth with Guido Guinizelli, down to Poliziano. From Poliziano to the present day we have seen the principle of the arts continuing to be Platonic, though under another aspect, and no longer derived immediately from the Fathers, but from the Medicean school, over which Marsilio Ficino presided. The antagonist principle which has been in former critical periods, and is now, the salvation of nations and of the arts, was Platonic in the first era of our literary culture, and the Platonic artists were at war with the schools of philosophy. In the second era, the antagonist principle of Platonism was no longer confined to the arts; it reached the schools; and that period in which the opposing principle prevailed over it must be accounted a period of debasement in morals, politics, and taste, for it is the principle that disjoins, instead of uniting, and always tends to a complete separation from others, and to selfishness.*

* Having written the above, I read it (according to the custom of those who are actuated by mutual respect) to Count Mamiani. He replied, "You have put your finger

This latter is the principle of the school of Costa, who, with excellent intentions, produced effects contrary to them through the delusiveness of his system. Many young men, noble-

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on the wound. I was fresh from the reading of Homer, and longed to make an incursion into his dominions. But how should I secure readers? By adopting the story of his times? Impossible! I took that of my own, and poetized it with pagan thoughts and a pagan form. As you say, I changed the material, and nothing more. I claim an exception in favor of the Hymn on the Patriarchs only, for in composing that my design was different. As to the omission which you impute to me in my remarks on Italian philosophy, you are right. There is in Italy, as in other countries, a philosophy beside that taught in the schools, a practical philosophy, and this was in Italy, as you say, the antagonist principle. The schools taught after Aristotle, the arts wrought after Plato. This lasted till the fall of Constantinople; after that period the schools themselves were partly Platonic and partly Aristotelian. If I did not speak of this, it was because the limits allotted to my article were so much restricted, that I could scarcely trace the history of philosophy, properly so called, and designedly avoided speaking of the arts, manners, &c."

The critical observations I had made on the two works of Count Mamiani, above referred to, required no great acumen; but his unreserved acquiescence in them evinced a very rare candor. Let all honor be rendered to Count Mamiani, and justice to his Hymn on the Patriarchs. A phil-

hearted like their master, have like him, been rendered barren. They produce nothing, (selfishness is always barren,) and they contemn every thing. Thus it was with a generous youth, the advocate Tognetti, one of the brightest hopes of Italy, who recently died at Bologna. I have said to him a hundred times, "Do you not perceive, my good friend, that your philosophy, which seems to you the triumph of reason, is an impiety, and that each of your many virtues are in contradiction to it?" Two entire generations have thus been ruined. Where the blast of that school falls, there is total desolation.

Many names still remain, which I have not yet mentioned. Among them are my two esti-

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osophical conception pervades the composition. There are not here, as in the preceding Hymns, Christian names and pagan poetry, but Hebraic names and Hebraic poetry. It is a most faithful picture of infant and pastoral society, and, towards the conclusion, it breathes a spirit truly precursive of Christianity. This confirms what I have said above, that this poet, whose Hymns have obtained for him in Italy the reputation of a most skilful constructor of blank verse, can produce something far above this, if he will consent to become the poet of his own times; and this we implore of him in the name of our common country.

mable friends, Giambattista Niccolini of Florence, and Carlo Pepoli of Bologna. The latter is valued for his delicate metrical compositions, which present a faithful image of the soul of their author, animated with the most refined sentiments and devoted to the highest virtues. Niccolini is the author of several tragedies, *Nabucco* (Nebuchadnezzar), *Polissena*, *Antonio Foscarini*, and *Giovanni Procida*. He is a profound thinker. He invests, in his beautiful versification and attractive diction, bold maxims, magnanimous, patriotic aspirations, and the moral sentiments of the loftiest and noblest philosophy, a philosophy which has faith, which is social, and therefore Christian. He was friendly to the *Conciliatore*, though not one of the contributors.

But in the view of literary criticism my friend is very deficient. His tragedies are neither on the one hand historical, nor, on the other, developements of human nature; nor are they poems of any kind, and least of all dramatic poems, in which *action* (*drama* means action), *plot*, and *characters* are indispensable. Action, plot, and characters are not found in Niccolini's tragedies.

Perticari is known to have belonged to the school of Monti. It is more agreeable to speak of Count Alessandro Marchetti, the author of the Ode on the *Death of a Youthful Mother*, the Countess Sauli of Forli, who died in 1817. It is the most exquisite lyric in the style of Petrarca, that has appeared in Italy since his time. Tommaseo has opened a new path in criticism, in entire accordance with the views of the *Conciliatore*. And finally, as a proof that the impulse given by this excellent journal is felt, and will be felt, in spite of a long period of drowsiness and of the opposing philosophy of Costa, an historical romance has just been published by an aspiring young man, endowed with every virtue, the Marquis Massimo d' Azeglio, the son-in-law of Manzoni. It is entitled *Ettore Fieramosca*. It is all pure, fresh, and original, no imitation of his great master, and yet completely of his school ; for his is the school of truth. The design of this work is not merely literary, but patriotic and holy. Honor be to Azeglio ! He may not remember having seen me in Rome at the time of my first imprisonment. I can never forget the delightful hopes he then inspired, and which he has so perfectly fulfilled.

But a poet, a true and great poet, ought not, like the author of the *Jerusalem*, to go on at even pace with his times, certainly not to lag behind them. Salvioli might be reproached with this, if the end he proposes to himself were social like Petrarca's, but it is merely individual ; it is not instruction, but amusement. A true poet should be inspired by the circumstances of his time, be they favorable or adverse. He should attach his contemporaries to his car, and draw them onward to a higher point of civilization. Were poetical merit graduated by this scale, Dante, Petrarca, and Alfieri would be in the first rank. They were true free-masons, who laid the corner-stone of Italian liberty, and did even more than that. Ariosto has an inimitable and most attractive playfulness, a *cor-mental* imagination, but mechanical only, though extraordinary ; still, having nothing more, he must be denied a station beside the master poets whose mission it is to reform the world. The world will exclaim against the flatterer of the conjugal fidelity of Lucrezia Borgia,

" Tu, Lodovico, l' anima smorali ! "

And thou, if excluded, art self-excluded !

It is not my intention to view Italian literature in all its aspects, and pass judgment upon it; still less, on that of other nations. My only purpose is to indicate, in a few words, that, if a natural division be made, and not one conventional and arbitrary, every thing will spontaneously fall into its right place. There cannot be a shadow of doubt, that Shakspeare and Milton are *cor-mental* poets; — so are Klopstock, Schiller, Goethe; — so are the authors of *El Cancionero del Cid* and *El Romancero*, so are Boscan, Garcilasso, Lope de Vega, Cervantes, Calderon, Camoens; — so, among the ancient Greeks, is the masterly Aristophanes, to whom I apply this epithet on account of his poetic imagination, and not as the author of great poems.

I have already spoken of Virgil, Ovid, and Tacitus among the Latins. The literature of the Troubadours was never well characterized. Gallic literature, which comes down as far as the age of Montaigne, has narrators and satirists in verse, but not one among them is a poet. French literature, which began with Pascal, has a right to require us to render justice to the *cor-mentalism* of Corneille's thoughts, and ample justice to that of Racine, their greatest,

or rather their only lyric poet, before the innovators La Martine and Hugo. This characteristic of Racine appears not merely in his imagination, but in the charm of sentiment with which he has enriched his divine *Phèdre* and other dramas.

Under the arbitrary distinction of *classic* and *romantic*, the modern classic writers are said to be Boscan, Garcilasso, Tasso, Camoens, Cervantes, Milton, Klopstock, Alfieri. The romantic are Dante, Petrarca, Ariosto, Shakspeare, Schiller, Lope, Calderon, the authors of *El Cancionero del Cid*, *El Romancero*, &c. Whoever possesses the slightest critical perception must perceive, at a glance, the confusion arising from this arbitrary classification. This may suffice. I have endeavoured to express my meaning clearly. Proceeding on the principles already explained, the reader may supply for himself what I have left deficient. I forbear to do so, because this is not the proper place. I have spoken on the subject only incidentally, and have dwelt upon it too long already.

The work which I composed embraced all the fine arts. It was, properly speaking, a new general theory of poetry, not adapted to a tran-

sition state, as that of Hermes Visconti of necessity was, but at once *stable* and *progressive;* stable in such a way, that it will be more and more confirmed in proportion to the progress of the moral, political, and religious condition of man in the present age and beyond it, even to the greatest advancement which the future may attain.

My historical sketch may be thus summed up. Berchet was the first to awaken slumbering minds, and to announce the possibility of inventing a new species of poetry. Hermes Visconti painted its infancy in a manner fitting its initiatory state. Breme embodied the whole idea, but his lucubrations were not transmitted to us. At last arose *cor-mentalism*, which, putting aside the doctrines of the state of transition, reconstructed the edifice of criticism from its foundation, and gave it a well-defined character. It may be truly said, that the *Conciliatore* reared the vestibule of *cor-mentalism*. Count Luigi Porro Lambertenghi, at liberty, and surrounded by the first geniuses of Italy, was the generous patron of the *Conciliatore*. Count Giovanni Arrivabene, in prison with his friend, was the exciting cause of *cor-mentalism*.

The many pages to which the thoughts he elicited were committed, and not a few others, containing poetry and prose on various subjects, followed me to Spielberg, where I consigned them to the governor of the fortress. To him were intrusted likewise the manuscripts of Silvio, and many books belonging to us which were transported thither in two very large boxes. Duplicate lists of all were made out, and we were solemnly promised that they should be restored to us on the day of our liberation, whenever it might be.

That day came, but nothing was restored. Let me be patient for the loss of my books and my papers, the only property left me after so many years of suffering! But who shall repair to men and to letters the injury they suffer in being defrauded of Silvio's papers! *

* That part of my critical essay on the fine arts, which relates to music, has been published in the *Esule*, a journal of ancient and modern Italian literature, issued once a month, at Paris. Some persons have thought, that I have availed myself of the German doctrines, or, at least, of their nomenclature, in elucidating the musical principles, which I have proposed to develope. "It is evident," say they, "that he has been wholly educated in the German school." They who think they perceive a German character in my

In the mean while, as it may well be conceived would chance in this world, the meritorious enterprise of the *Conciliatore*, was interrupted. Monti, who from first to last, seemed destined

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critical works, do me honor and (I will make bold to say it) justice; such honor as is done to the ultramontane painter or musician, to whom one says, "Your picture appears to be Italian, of the Venetian, Florentine, or Roman school;" or, "Your music seems to have been composed at Naples."

The very judicious Camillo Ugoni, in a work above mentioned, boldly expresses a truth, which ought, instead of humiliating us, to lead us into the right way. He says, that the Italians do not know what æsthetic philosophy is; that is to say, the philosophy which passes judgment upon the beautiful and makes it felt by others. We create the beautiful. To the present moment no one has surpassed us in the fine arts; and, in literature, M. Artaud has said, that Manzoni is the greatest living poet in Europe. But we have not yet learned how to reduce this beauty to a science. Cesarotti and Manzoni are exceptions in their particular departments. Cesarotti applied himself to the criticism, or rather to the philosophy, of language. Manzoni has treated of one branch of the verification of history, and the whole subject of the *logical unity* of the drama. They have both taken so high a stand, as not only to prove, what some foreigners have doubted, that Italians are capable of applying their minds to such subjects; but their three works are, and will for ever remain, beautiful models for

never to comprehend the onward march of society, even when passing under his own eye, proposed an approximation of the *classic* and *romantic* schools at the very time when the *Con-*

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the French, the English, and even for those universal masters of criticism, the Germans. Goethe felt this, and openly proclaimed to all Europe the glory of his friend Manzoni in this department.

But these great masters in Italian criticism are like two suns, of such surpassing splendor, that every lesser light has disappeared from the heavens; not a star remains to break the immense unvaried vault of azure. I am eagerly expecting the dramatic works of my valued friend, and former preceptor, Bozzelli, which I hope will add to the lustre of his name, reflect honor on our common country, and on this long and grievous exile, in which we have been beaten down and tempest-tost amid persecution and insecurity on every side.

I distinctly avow, that I take pride in having, in æsthetic studies, been wholly trained in the school of Winkelmann, Mengs, Lessing, Schlegel, Bouterwek, (and even of De Staël,) and others. But the assertion, that my doctrines are German, is erroneous. My mind opened from the time I became familiar with those authors; but I believe I have perceived what they did not. Whether I am right or wrong must be decided hereafter; but whatever I have set forth on this new theory of poetry, which I have based on nature, not on conventional rules, and which is therefore invariable and eternal, has nothing to do with the

ciliatore had consummated its work of transition, and there remained no literary salvation for Italy, but in embracing a new æsthetic system consistent in all its parts, such for example, as

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doctrines of these great men who preceded me. This would directly appear from an analysis of their principles and mine. Let us take the most ancient and the most modern. Winkelmann denies, that there is any poetry which is not *plastic* like Homer's. Hence Dante, Shakspeare, and Milton are not, in his estimation, poets; and all the power of these sublime geniuses is nothing, or, at least, not in consonance with the principles of the art. I have already remarked, here and elsewhere, how very far Schlegel, the head of the German spiritual school, is from acknowledging the social principle that I maintain. In my opinion, he destroys that *Christian and spiritual* art which he would establish.

The assertion, that I have used the German nomenclature, is also a mistake. *Plastic*, a word that often suits my purpose, does not belong to one school more than another, but to the arts. As some of their productions are spiritual, and some are not, the latter may be called at pleasure, either *physical*, *corporeal*, or *plastic*. The Italian language has a manifold claim to this last word. It is derived from the Greek, and received from the Latin, and had beside been already used in this acceptation; — so that it were folly to decline resuming what belongs to us, simply because strangers have adopted it. And finally, let us divest ourselves of prejudice and do justice to all. If

cor-mentalism. That is to say, he proposed eclecticism, when eclecticism was passing away; not perceiving that the conductors of the *Conciliatore* had adopted it as a temporary disguise,

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we are nothing in criticism, if the French are still worse (for to be nothing is better than to be bad), ought we not to embrace wisdom wherever we can find it? If other nations had conducted themselves differently in relation to Italy, what would have become of the civilization of Europe? Let us resent any attempt to rob us of that which is our own; but let us render to others what is their due. *Plastic*, then, as a word, is Italian rather than German, and, as a term, belongs to the arts, which in their nature are partly spiritual, partly corporeal. As to *cor-mental* and *profilary*, they are terms of Italian creation. No foreign nomenclature whatever has used them. I first formed them to indicate a distinction, which (however deeply founded in nature) the human mind had not yet marked in the fine arts.

The opinion I have expressed of Mozart is certainly very different from that of the German critics, given in the *Conversations-Lexicon* and elsewhere. Only when speaking of a German and opposing myself to German opinions, have I used Kant's nomenclature (*quality* and *quantity*), that I might be understood in Germany, where these terms are applied to philosophy and the arts.

In a biography of Beethoven, which appeared one month after my work, in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, (May 1st, 1833), the able author, who manifests extraordinary critical

from the necessity of the moment, in order to obtain a passport to proceed farther. But the right feeling of the nation prevented Monti from gaining attention, and he was left alone, on his

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ability, has repeated my opinion of Mozart, with the assurance that it was also the opinion of the great Beethoven. This confirmation of my judgment was most gratifying to me.

In this biography, signed *Hans Werner*, (one, who has been justly called the gauntlet of defiance to materialism,) the author recognises the truth of the spiritual doctrines of *cor-mentalism*, which I had begun to explain a month before in the French-Italian journal, *L'Esule*.

As a feeling of justice has led me to speak of the void in Italian criticism, and of the worthlessness of French criticism, and as I have mentioned, as exceptions to my general remark in regard to Italy, the distinguished European names of Cesarotti and Manzoni, it is but just that I should add, that French criticism seemed about to assume a higher character in the journal, which I will call the *Old Globe*, in order to distinguish it from the *Saint-Simonian Globe* which followed it. This appearance, however, passed away ; because the tendency of that valuable journal was rather to a social than a literary reform. So that the Saint-Simonians were really the first, who, in France, raised the standard against the bigotry of ancient criticism. They felt the necessity of a new path, and they had the merit of making others feel the same necessity ; but they neither found the path, nor pointed out the means

terrestrial Olympus, which it was his purpose to restore for ever to the pagan deities.

The only one of our society, who was not wholly struck down, was Montani. He was

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of arriving at it. This was the amount of what they did. Barrault, profiting by an article in the *Produttore* (which my friend Buchez wrote, and the doctrines of which he has since renounced), set forth in magnificent language a theory of the arts, which would have been beautiful in form, had it not been false in substance. Another Saint-Simonian, Duveyrier, gave two public courses of lectures on the fine arts, in the *Salle Taitbout;* but, as it seems to me, he did not even go so far as Barrault. Duveyrier has a soul alive to the arts, were he only in the right way.

I knew an ardent young man, *Robert*, a disciple of the *new science*. This school of high philosophy, so called from the great Vico, is under the direction of my distinguished friend Buchez, who has just published an *Introduction to the History of Mankind*. Robert, as well as the other exalted men of the *new science* (Boulland, Roux, De Bois-le-Comte, and Curmer), was a friend of mine, and I know that he had great social views in his profound meditations on the arts. I avoided exploring his thoughts, that I might leave him to make a full explanation of them when he should complete his labors. I feared I should cause an abortion, if I were to tempt him to a partial and premature disclosure. One day I received an invitation to a funeral, — it was to the funeral of Robert! I flew to Sainte Geneviève appalled, yet incredulous. My friend

destined, if the *Conciliatore* had been continued, to succeed Pellico, as its editor, in order to leave the author of *Eufemio* and *Francesca* at leisure to prosecute, with exclusive devotion, his poetical mission. An intimation was given

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was no more! I followed his body to Vaugirard. Buchez was so much affected, (O, how much were we all affected!) that he could only utter these words, "You must make haste," he said to us, "or death will come upon you and snatch you away without any respect to the good you are purposing; — of what a futurity has he robbed us in this young man!" Buchez has now publicly announced to us an indemnification for the loss of Robert's work on the arts. May it appear, — and soon! There is another Frenchman, my friend Bras, the sculptor, a professor of the arts, and an excellent critic of them (as we understand them), who also belongs to the *new science*. Every one will conclude that the principles of this school are allied to those of my honored friend Ballanche, a man of superior intellect, and an admirer of Vico, and that in æsthetics they accord with the views of Sainte-Beuve.

The disciples of the *new science* purpose to go much beyond common philosophers and critics, especially those who, if they are not misinterpreted, say that no *future* awaits us. They predict that they shall be able to fulfil in France, unimpeded and to the end, the mission which the *Conciliatore* assumed in Milan. The journal of science and literature, entitled *L'Européen*, now discontinued to appear in another form, is the offspring of the *new science*.

to Montani, who had resided in Count Porro's house that he should leave Lombardy. He went to Florence, where he was tolerated. The authorities of that city tolerated also the publication of a journal, the *Antologia*, devoted to noble objects, and for several years successfully conducted by the fine-spirited Giampietro Vieusseux. But the *Antologia* did not, like the *Conciliatore*, attempt (if I may borrow an expression from the disciples of the *new science*) to recompose with a spirit of organization the order of society ; it did not create, but defend liberty, or, at least, if unable to do any thing more, it was permitted to weep over it. When the Hector of Trojan Italy was slain in Milan and contumeliously dragged in the dust, his sister, the *Antologia*, a new Cassandra, never clothed in festal robes, predicted, with majestic grief, woe to come to many people, and nations, and things. But, when the cup of the tremendous day of trial shall be drained to its dregs, when the heavens are unhinged and falling, whom will the ruin crush ? On the blinded and senseless we implore,

" Mite vendetta dal braccio di Dio."

The lips of this chaste Cassandra have been recently closed. From her mouth we heard the voice of Montani and of other excellent men, on whom our applause might bring down proscription ; we will not therefore name them. But you, my friend Montani, expired before that event. You may have borne with you to the tomb the hope of one day seeing spring forth from the sacred palladium which you guarded (with such jealous silence, full of patriotic thought,) the ancient Insubrian* valor. Perhaps you said, "I hear again the returning voice of Hector ; he will sing my funeral dirge ; this Cassandra of three lustres shall cast off her mourning weeds, and have a smile and a voice of happy omen." It was not so ; — peace to the good !

We have seen what the *Conciliatore* effected for poetry. History, an important instrument in the regeneration of a people, was not neglected. Silvio Pellico originated the noble project of forming a society of contributors, who should

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[* The Insubres were a tribe of the Cisalpine Gauls, who founded the city of Mediolanum, now Milan. — TRANSLATOR.]

furnish a fund to requite the labors, if not the talents, of the great historian of the War of the American Revolution, who might then assume the task of combining into one work the numerous histories of Italy. Pellico wrote to Carlo Botta. The high trust was accepted, and Confalonieri and Porro became the first subscribers and a point of union for the rest.

They proposed another efficient means of popular education, which would have called forth new dramatic writers; — the establishment of a permanent dramatic company in Milan. But to this the Austrian government refused its consent.

The education of children was an object of particular attention to Confalonieri. He went to London and Paris, and studied, with the most respectable teachers, both the theory and practice of mutual instruction. On his return, schools were established at Milan, in the house of Porro and elsewhere. Subsequently the enterprise was eagerly embraced by the generous Count Giovanni Arrivabene of Mantua. At Brescia it was ardently promoted by that choice spirit Mompiani, in whose beautiful countenance graciousness and gentleness were blended in such

harmony, that both strangers and Italians were wont to say, "He reminds us of Jesus amidst the little children!"

These schools were afterwards spread over Italy. In Lombardy they were continued for some years, but were finally abolished by the government, to the general grief of the little scholars, and of their parents, who began to discern, that these schools of mutual instruction were training their children to become citizens of the state.

A steam-boat for the commerce of the interior and of the coast was procured by Porro, Confalonieri, and the Marquis Alessandro Visconti. It sailed from Pavia, and touched at the Piedmontese and Parmesan territories. It was the first ever seen in that kingdom. Porro was the first who introduced machinery for gas lights. Confalonieri ordered it at London for his friend, and an English artisan crossed the channel and the Alps to superintend its arrangement. The pipes were made at the best foundery in Italy, that of Lecco (on the lake of that name.) They failed; were made a second time, and again failed. It was necessary to obtain them from London. Porro did not regret this, because

the consequence was, that the founders at Lecco, upon seeing the English work, received new light, and became able to succeed themselves.

The importance of their flax and hemp to the Italians is well known, and consequently the immense advantage that would result from a machine for spinning it. In England, after many attempts, one had approached very near to the desired end, though without complete success. Confalonieri, regardless of the great expense, procured the English machine, in the patriotic confidence, that the sight of it would awaken a spirit of invention in his ingenious countrymen, which would lead to the wished-for result.

The silk product is as important to the valleys of Brescia and Bergamo, as flax and hemp are to Crema and Romagna. Many spinning-machines had been constructed, designed to attain simplicity, despatch, cheapness, and a superior quality of silk thread. It was admitted, that Porro's bore away the palm, and his large silk-spinning establishment was for a long time unrivalled. He afterwards invented a very simple machine for macerating hemp, for which he obtained the prize of the Institute of Milan.

For the promotion of the useful arts, Confalonieri and Porro proposed to open a bazaar; but the government forbade it.

In the fine arts, the first geniuses have furnished their masterpieces for Confalonieri and Porro. The latter possessed the most beautiful cartoons of the celebrated Bossi, Canova's venerated friend, whose bust, sculptured by that great artist, excites the admiration of all who see it. The only work of Thorwaldsen, then in Milan, was in Porro's garden, — a monument with three bas-reliefs, erected to the memory of the beloved and lamented Countess Porro.

Thus it was till 1820. That year the government compelled the discontinuance of the *Conciliatore*, by the most extravagant censorship, which left the articles nothing but the title and the signature. A like censorship was exercised by the commission, not very long after, on a letter from Signor Onorato Pellico to his son. The whole was effaced, save "*Dearest Son*," at the beginning, and, at the end, "*I am your affectionate father.*"

(C.)

FATE OF INDIVIDUALS CONNECTED WITH THE CONCILIATORE. — ESCAPE OF COUNT GIOVANNI ARRIVABENE WITH TWO FRIENDS. — ARREST OF COUNT CONFALONIERI.

A FEW months after the discontinuance of the *Conciliatore*, the Constitutionalists of Naples rose in the summer. In September, Counts Porro and Confalonieri, Pellico, the poet Vincenzo Monti, two English gentlemen, and some others, made an excursion in a steam-boat from Pavia to Venice. We all met in Porro's house at Milan, and, just before they got into the carriage, I said to Monti, "These gentlemen are going in pursuit of the Golden Fleece. They are Argonauts, — you, Orpheus." Montani added, "Who knows but you may, at some future day, sing this event?" "Most willingly," replied Monti. I am certain the poor poet did not quite comprehend to what golden fleece Montani and I alluded.

On their return from Venice, Pellico, Porro, and his sons went to Mantua, and were received there by Count Giovanni Arrivabene, at his country-seat, La Guaita. The police, who afterwards laid hands on these Argonauts, did not forget him whose hospitality they had enjoyed. Thus, at different intervals, Pellico, Confalonieri, and Arrivabene were arrested; and when Porro was at one of his villas, Balbianino, on the Lake of Como, Count Bolza and his satellites came in quest of him at one door, while he escaped at another. God protected his flight.

Arrivabene was taken at La Guaita. We found ourselves together at Venice, on the little island of San Michele. The acquisition of this excellent friend will for ever remain engraven on my memory. Our captivity there was light, for we were permitted to read and write. He was the witness of all my studies, as I was of his, and he stimulated me to undertake new ones. A spirit purer, more devoted to good, and more self-renouncing than Arrivabene's, is rarely met with on earth. Such was the opinion of Pellico, Porro, and Confalonieri, as well as my own. Agriculture and political economy were the special subjects of his meditations, for the purpose

of practically applying them to the benefit of the poorer classes. To this end he had already instituted at his own expense (as I have said before) a school of mutual instruction, the offspring of the parent school, founded by Confalonieri. Being declared innocent, he was restored to liberty. The following characteristic trait manifests his exquisite feeling, and the delicate pleasure which he derived from being able even to cause a smile on the lips of the unfortunate. His acquittal was read to him, if I mistake not, on the 17th of December, 1821, at two o'clock in the afternoon. There was time for him to arrange his trunk, to dine at five, and to pass the evening in society and at the theatre, — pleasures for which his social spirit must have thirsted. But no! He determined to pass the night in prison. He spoke as if it were night already at two o'clock! He went out the following morning. The principal noble families of Venice who were allied to him, the Princess Gonzaga, and the excellent president, Count Cardani of Mantua, who had pronounced his acquittal, invited him to dinner, asking it as a favor. He felt the obligation, but said to President Cardani, his fellow-countryman;

"Rather do me a last favor."

"Immediately. What is it? I can deny you nothing."

"Permit me then to reënter the prison, that, having obtained liberty myself, I may impart consolation to one who is still suffering. I will dine at San Michele."

The refined spirit, to which he appealed, fully comprehended his generous feelings and yielded to them. With what tears I received him my heart knows, which, even at this moment, pours them out afresh. He will remember it too, for not the slightest breath of grateful feeling escapes him. He returned to his country. But, after some little time, it appeared that the Austrian government repented of having allowed him his liberty. One fine day he left the city secretly, and knocked at the doors of Camillo Ugoni and Giovita Scalvini, his old and very intimate friends.

"I am flying from the power of the government, which purposes again to arrest me. You are not more safe than I am. Come; my carriage will receive us all, as long as the occasion requires." His friends did not hesitate; but it was necessary to arrange their affairs, and,

above all, to get off without being seen. It was then four o'clock in the afternoon ; and they determined to wait till the next dawn. Scalvini took Arrivabene into his own house, and put him into his mother's apartment. This good old lady, whom it was desirable to keep in ignorance of what had occurred, was happily removed where, without knowing the danger, she was in a situation to give notice to her son and his friend in case of a search by the police.

At three o'clock in the morning of the 10th of April, 1822, the three fugitives and a servant of Arrivabene left Brescia, and took the road through the valleys. After having gone a short distance they sent back the carriage, and proceeded on horseback. For three days and nights they were winding about through the valleys, often changing their guides, and were everywhere hospitably received with a degree of kindness and religious feeling, the manner of which recalls the Homeric and Patriarchal ages, and fills the mind with as pleasing images. Generous inhabitants of the valleys ! How worthy are ye of being blessed ! And ye were so then, while seriously revolving the brave design of making yourselves free !

They arrived at Edolo, a village on the Adda, at twelve hours' distance from Tirano. They entered the inn, and saw, hanging before the fire of a huge chimney, the uniforms of *gendarmes* drenched with rain.

"What is this?"

"Hush! Let them sleep. Poor men! It would be a pity to wake them."

The *gendarmes* were in search of the three fugitives. The violent rain and their long ride had exhausted them, and they were reposing above. The three fugitives were merciful, and would not disturb the sleepers. Placing the back of the hand on one of the knapsacks, they said; "Here perhaps is the order for our arrest. Despatch! To horse instantly! and leave the cavern before the lion roars!"

Every one was disposed to assist them, but it was impossible to obtain more than two horses. The servant went on foot. Camillo Ugoni mounted one of the horses, and Arrivabene and Scalvini the other. It was written, that the goodness of these three excellent men needed not to be put to the proof; nor was it required that they should suffer martyrdom for example's sake. The *gendarmes* continued to sleep. At

break of day the fugitives passed the *Sapei della Briga*, a steep natural flight of steps up the mountain, where there was a station of *gendarmes*. But that good angel, who had put those to sleep who were at Edolo, closed the eyes of these also. They passed unobserved.

But they had not yet arrived at the frontier where the greatest difficulty was to be apprehended. They caused a rumor to precede them, that some dealers in cattle were going to the fair, and thus quietly passed a file of Austrian videttes, who respectfully raised their caps, fancying they were paying homage to drovers, and not to counts and barons. They returned the respectful salute by uncovering themselves also; but they had scarcely passed the boundary-stone, when they threw themselves on the ground utterly exhausted.

The contrast between the feelings of the two parties is indescribable. A few steps distant from the boundary were the videttes, who, perceiving that they had allowed the passage of fugitives, and not of drovers, were blaspheming, threatening, and raging. A few steps on the other side of the boundary were these noble exiles, who had abandoned their country, their posses-

sions, their friends, and every thing most dear to them; and who with tranquil joy were now returning thanks to God, who had saved them, and gave no heed to the abusive outcries of the opposite party. As in Edolo, like Daniel, they had entered into the den of the sleeping lions, and escaped by unexpected good fortune; so now they were as serene as the children in the fiery furnace, the flames surrounding but not injuring them.

For the honor of humanity we may believe, that there are many, who, like their host, upon receiving such fugitives into their houses, would reason thus; "If I were an Austrian, I never would deliver over to the hand of power a liberal, who, in search of an asylum, should have touched the threshold of my door; nor, being a liberal, would I surrender into the hands of our own people an enemy, even an Austrian, who sought the protection of my roof." These principles belong to no party, but are derived from a higher source. They are the principles which have civilized Europe, destroying the barbarous spirit of paganism, and preparing the way for the reign of charity. But it is necessary to cry aloud in the ears, and to the consciences, of

sovereigns (who from Christ style themselves Catholic, apostolic, and the like), that individuals, families, and private men have been regenerated by the Gospel, while their *reasons of state* have remained barbarous and pagan. This is the perennial source of the conflict between the people and their governors. Not one, not a single government is based on Christian principles. Private morality and private justice are distant as the antipodes from public morality and public justice. To deprive a man of his property, and of the power of maintaining his proper dignity, is a crime, an oppression. To despoil a people of these is called virtue, glory, the right either of legitimacy or of conquest. How could the idea ever enter the human mind and remain there for so many centuries, to engraft the law of force upon the holy Gospel, which came to make war upon the strong and to protect the weak, to substitute the empire of spirit for the empire of matter; which has pronounced an anathema against power *alone* and riches *alone*, and has required of all the creations of feeling and imagination, that they should be spiritual.

But to return to the poor host, who was perhaps ignorant that the three gentlemen were fugitives; he was for a long time kept in prison, and subjected to a terrible inquisition by the government. His unfortunate wife, who was made to apprehend that her husband would be condemned to the gallows, died of grief and fear.

Meanwhile Ugoni, Arrivabene, and Scalvini were in safety. Oh, how different the fate of poor Confalonieri! Scarcely had he risen from his bed after a dangerous illness, which had kept him for a long time on the borders of the grave, when a great personage came to pay the Countess a visit, and requested to be announced only to her, though he well knew she was with her husband. When he saw the Count, he assumed an air of astonishment:

"How? Are you in Milan. I dreamed this very night, that you were gone. Believe me, a change of air will be of great advantage to your health." Confalonieri, as was to be expected, understood, and yet remained. The following night a lady, kindly disposed toward the Countess, learned in an extraordinary way, that the order for his arrest was signed, and would

be executed in a few moments. She sprung out of bed, flew, half dressed, to Teresa, and conjured her to persuade her husband to fly. Most painful must it have been to him to appear either ungrateful, incredulous, imprudent, or foolish; but he thought he ought not, and could not, escape till he was pursued. The moment came. The *gendarmes* were already in his apartment, and had seized several bundles of his papers, when the Countess appeared and said to him,

"What do you intend to do?"

"What I have always intended!"

"Do it quickly!"

Confalonieri sprung into a closet, closing the door after him, and mounted a staircase to the cupola, of which he alone had a key. He attempted to open it but in vain — in vain. The roof had been repaired a few days before by the steward, and the lock changed without any ill design. Confalonieri was a prisoner.

(D.)

CEPPO MONUMENTALE D' OROBONI.

Supposto che il ceppo avesse quattro lati, sul primo (cioè su quello di faccia), figurerebbe un campo inseminato, desolato, e nel mezzo un verde bozzolo di rosa non ancora dischiuso.

Simbolo;—speranza che surge dal seno stesso di sventura, vita che s' eleva da morte.

Allusione ; — risorgimento d' Italia, immortalità dell' anima.

Al di sotto dovea leggersi il fatto storico. Eccolo :

(*Primo Lato.*)

ANTONIO OROBONI

D' ITALA TERRA

UNICO FIGLIO GIOVINETTO DI PADRE OTTAGENARIO.

NEL 1821 IN VENEZIA

DA COMMISSIONE DI STATO

— SECRETA —

— FUOR DI LEGGE —

— AUSTRIACA IN SUOLO ITALIANO —

CONDANNATO A MORTE

COME

CARBONARO

E PER GRAZIA DI FRANCESCO PRIMO IMPERATORE

A SOLI QUINDICI ANNI DI CARCERE DURO

SULLO SPIELBERG

IN BRUNN DI MORAVIA.

Homo natus de muliere,
Brevi vivens tempore,
Repletus multis miseriis.
JOB.

L' uom (— nato della donna! —)
Breve sortia la vita;
E di miserie molte ell' è fornita!

(*Secondo Lato.*)

FAME LENTAMENTE IL CONSUNSE DUE ANNI.

IL MATTINO XIII° DI GIUGNO 1823

PIANSE SUO PADRE E ITALIA,

PERDONÒ A NEMICI

E SPIRÒ.

VENTINOVE TRAVAGLIATI ANNI E SPERANZE DELUSE

FURONO LA SUA VITA.

Vox audita est in Rama !	Voce dalla montagna udita fu !
Ploratus et ululatus multum !	Pianto e ululato molto !
Rachel plorans filios suos,	Rachele è che de' suoi figli si dole,
Et noluit consolari, quia non sunt.	E punto consolata esser non vuole,
Jeremia.	Perch' Ei non sono più !

(*Terzo Lato.*)

L' ULTIMO DE' SUOI CON-CAPTIVI,

RIEDENDO ALLA CARA PATRIA,

LASCIAVA IN NOME DI TUTTI

LE LORO LACRIME E QUESTA MEMORIA,

IL DÌ . . . . . 18 . . . . .

Præcisa velut a texente vita mea :	Un' antica speranza a Lui sorrise,
Dum adhuc ordirer	E il filo della vita a lei s' attenne ;
Succidit me.	Ma la cesoja del testor sorvenne,
Ezechia.	E nel bel dell' ordire Ei lo recise.

(*Quarto Lato.*)

STRANIERI !

LE OSSA RECLAMANO LA PATRIA.

E VOI NE AVRETE UNA

IL DÌ CHE RENDERETE A QUESTE MIE LA LORO.

Scio quod Redemptor meus vivit,
Et in novissimo die de terra surrecturus sum,
Et rursus circumdabor pelle mea,
Et in carne mea videbo Deum, salvatorem meum.
Quem visurus sum ego ipse,
Et oculi mei conspecturi sunt, et non alius :
Reposita est hæc spes mea in sinu meo.

JOB.

Io CRETA, Io so che il Redentor [mio vive,
E che al di estremo verrà sulla [terra
A solver l' ossa che giacean [captive.
E vestirò la carne allevïata,
Ed Io, QUEST'-Io, nell' uma- [nato verbo
Fisserò la pupilla insazïata.
Questa è speranza che gelosa io [serbo !

(E.)

SULLA CREDUTA MORTE DI SILVIO PELLICO.

ODE ITALICA.

Luna, romito, aereo,
Tranquillo astro d' argento,
Come una vela candida
Navighi il firmamento ;
Come una dolce amica
In tua carriera antica
Siegui la terra in ciel.

La terra a cui se il limpido
Tuo disco s' avvicina
Ti sente, e con un palpito
Gonfia la sua marina :
Forse è gentile affetto
Qual desta in uman petto
La vista d' un fedel.

Simile al fior di Clizia
(Fiso del sol nel raggio
L' occhio), il pensier del misero
Ti segue in tuo viaggio,
E la tua luce pura

Sembra su la sventura
Un raggio di pietà!

Ahi misero tra miseri,
Tolto al gioir del mondo
Geme l' afflitto Silvio
Dello Spielbergo in fondo!
Speme non à d' aïta;
Vive, ma d' una vita
Di chi doman morrà.

Batte il tuo raggio tremulo
Al rio castello, o luna,
E scintillando penetra
Sotto la volta bruna,
E trova il viso bianco
Del giovinetto stanco,
Il viso del dolor.

Sol quella faccia pallida
In campo nero appare
Come languente cereo
Sul mortuario altare,
O qual da mano cara
Sul panno della bara
Deposto un bianco fior.

Sol tra catene, — (libero
Nell' agonia cresciuto), —
Sovra la fronte squallida
Discende e va perduto

Sull' affannoso petto,
Sul doloroso letto,
In mezzo all' ombra, il crin.

Scarso è 'l cangiar dell' aere
Che in petto egli respira,
Attorno al fianco un duplice
Cerchio di ferro il gira,
In ceppi è la sua mano,
Nè alcun consorzio umano
Lenisce il suo dolor.

Ma questa notte è l' ultima
Notte, per lui, di duolo;
Il travagliato spirito
Stà per levarsi a volo;
E in sì fatal momento,
In torbo avvolgimento
Nuotano i suoi pensier!

" — Quando l' inesorabile
Parola udii VENT' ANNI!
Non io credei sorvivere
A tanta ora d' affanni;
E il duol che m' à consunto,
Il termine raggiunto
Del mio soffrire à già.

" Ecco, redento ai palpiti
Del sen materno io sono;
Le nostre piaghe il balsamo
Asterga del perdono,

Or che la man pietosa
Soavemente posa
Quì del tuo figlio in sen.

" Tu mel dicevi, — (trepida
Del mio volente ingegno,) —
' Di chi è più forte, o Silvio,
Non provocar lo sdegno! '
Ma bella e splendid' era
Come le nubi a sera
La mia speranza allor.

" Credetti un brando a Italia
Ridar, novello Bruto;
Tornare alla sua gloria
Credei l' augel caduto:
Svegliar la neghittosa
Che il capo in Alpi posa
E stende all' Etna il piè.

" Ma tu, chi sei, che barbaro
Insulti al mio dolore,
Ed osi il sogno irridere
Che mi mentìa nel core?
Coprimi, o madre, il viso,
E quel superbo riso
Non veggasi per me. — "

Pace, o morente! — agl' Itali
La tua memoria è pianto.

Caggia quel dì dai secoli,
Quel dì che Italia al santo
Cenere tuo non plori,
Nè la memoria onori
Di chi per lei morì.

Ma già la luna in candido
Mattin, lene si svolve;
(E mentre lene il misero
Già in morte si dissolve),
Bella del suo martiro,
In placido deliro
Ultima al giusto uscì.

Vennero allor . . . disciolsero
L' inanimata spoglia;
Del carcer la deposero
Sotto l' ignuda soglia;
Nefando monumento,
Della catena il lento —
— Nodo . . . vi posa su.

Ealcun nol seppe . . . — e Silvio
È d' ogni giorno e d' ogni
Ora il pensiero ! . . . — e Silvio
Son d' ogni notte i sogni ! . . . —
E ancor s' attende il canto
Che piacque a Italia tanto ! . . . —
Ma Silvio non è più !

(F.)

PROGRAM OF VARIOUS WORKS PROPOSED TO BE PUBLISHED BY PIERO MARONCELLI.

In the year 1831, I published in the French journal, *Le Temps*, a program of several of my compositions. The following are those which I then promised.

I. *Mia prigionìa di Spielberg.*
II. *Rimembranze.*
III. *Quindici rose.*
IV. *Tradizioni itale.*
V. *Carmi levi, con musica nazionale a fianco.*
VI. *Psalterio italo.*
VII. *Melodìe spielbergiche.*

I.

Mia prigionìa di Spielberg. (My Imprisonment at Spielberg.) An historical treatise, to

contain a faithful narrative of all that befell the author during that period of eight years and a half, with some notice of his brethren in misfortune, who still lie there, buried alive.

II.

Rimembranze. (Reminiscences.) The subject of this meditation in prose is the Marquis Giorgio Pallavicini, who was condemned to twenty years' severe imprisonment at Spielberg, and is attacked by an eruption in his throat, which threatens to affect his lungs, and has often brought him to the verge of the grave. In this composition, the unhappy captive is supposed to be the speaker.

III.

Quindici rose. (Fifteen Roses.) There is nothing more poetical, either for the imagination or the heart, than the *new being* presented to us by the Christian religion, — Mary of Nazareth, a *virgin-mother.* The various periods of her life, as represented in the Holy Scriptures,

have furnished subjects for immortal works to the greatest authors of every nation. The author of the *Quindici Rose*, dividing the life of Mary into fifteen principal periods, gives them the name of Roses ; they are epic-lyric poems, which together form one whole, and yet each is complete in itself.

IV.

Tradizioni Itale. (Italian Traditions.) These are partly epic and partly lyric. The subjects are chosen from the most glorious period in the modern history of Italy, the period of the republics of the middle ages, when so many patriotic virtues were displayed, in opposition to the universal tyrant, — Frederic Barbarossa.

And where did he find his most implacable enemy, the noblest champion of Italian liberty ? In the unconquerable spirit of the Roman pontiff, Alexander the Third, who, understanding religion as alone it can and ought to be understood, formed, with the utmost wisdom and courage, the famous league of the thirty cities of Lombardy. The foundation of *Alessandria della Paglia*, in Piedmont, is a still enduring

monument, raised by the gratitude of Italian citizens, to the honor of the valiant republican, who then filled the chair of St. Peter, and who shed his blood for the *political welfare* of his fellow-citizens, whom he indeed regarded as his children.

The Traditions are, at present, eight in number. To these will be annexed an historical essay in prose, containing the requisite proofs of their accuracy.

V.

Carmi levi. (Minor Poems.) These are short pieces for music, some lyric, some narrative; and, though these songs are trifling, the author proposes to himself in them, as well as in his graver poems, a philosophical design; that is, to improve others by enlightening their minds, regulating their affections, and nourishing their virtuous sentiments and benevolent feelings, even when they least expect it, in the unguarded moments of recreation, hitherto unprofitable to Italians; since the words which are sung to their fine music are poetry only in name, and are more properly to be called nonsense. This

is owing to the contempt of Italian scholars for light poetry, which is left entirely in the hands of the uneducated. The exceptions are few, and so limited, that it may be said they are not known to the nation at large. No one would aspire to the glory of the Italian Anacreon, as Thomas Moore and Béranger have done in England and France. There may, indeed, be found one, who endeavours to render, for the thirtieth time, the Greek Anacreon into Italian, and translates it into an unmusical measure, that it may be the better sung by a people differing in manners, in religion, and in their state of civilization.

The *Carmi levi* were composed at Spielberg, and most of them are adapted to national music (to be published with them), which is already engraven on the heart and mind of every Italian ; — beautiful Bolognese, Neapolitan, Venetian, Roman, and Sub-alpine airs, which foreigners admire, while they wonder that they have not been clothed with words full of thought and feeling. The histories of the middle ages and of modern times offer us their treasures.

VI.

Psalterio Italo (Italian Psalter), containing *Psalmi del Riscatto* (Psalms of Ransom), and *Psalmi della Rigenerazione d' Italia* (Psalms on the Regeneration of Italy). If there be a country where religion is misunderstood, it is undoubtedly Italy. Either there is none at all, or it is of the worst kind. A priest, who, even in the midst of a certain display of erudition, is not utterly ignorant of its true spirit, who does not confound the form with the substance, who is not superstitious, fanatical, and intolerant, is a rare thing in Italy. Honor and reverence to the few ! To name them were to endanger their safety.

For this reason Catholicism in our country is contemned by one party, and by another it is perverted to base and unworthy objects. And thus a religion created to diffuse liberalism throughout the world, — a religion that enjoins all the sons of Adam, as a special duty, to be liberal, — is converted to the support of servility. What will not ignorance and selfishness pervert ? And, since it were folly to imagine that nations can exist without religion,

(folly nearly equal to that of believing, that the ridicule with which Voltaire covered it was philosophy,) the *Italian Psalter* offers to man in every situation of life, and in all its principal events, whether adverse or prosperous, the means of satisfying the wants of his heart, endeavouring to cultivate its good seeds, to stimulate it to the noblest virtues, and to preserve it from vice. It is a design which every good man will honor.

VII.

Melodie Spielbergiche. (Spielberg Melodies.) These are twenty lyric lamentations, the subject of which is the history of the moral and physical sufferings of eight years and a half of severe imprisonment.

This plan was never executed: I suspended the publication, and years have since passed away.

Silvio Pellico having so happily anticipated my account of the imprisonment at Spielberg, I proposed to substitute for it other Memoirs entitled, *Gli Anni del Dolore* (The Years of Suffering), embracing a longer period of misery than had passed at Spielberg.

(G.)

I YIELD to an impulse of my heart in here subjoining a translation, with which I have been favored, of the *Carme delle Rimembranze*, mentioned in the preceding list of my works, because it relates to the Marquis Giorgio Pallavicini, a noble youth, who has suffered far more acutely than his fellow-captives, in consequence of the vivacity of his character. The unhappy man is deranged; and it is said, that the Emperor has ordered that he should be removed from Spielberg and confined in the castle of Gradisca.

REMEMBRANCES.

GLAD thoughts, that crowned the brow of infancy,
Of smiling youth, — my mother, sisters dear, —
Why to the heart return, which evil fate
Hath blighted? Beings of my tenderest love,
Moments there are, when desperate I forget
Affection even for you! And will ye fade,
Blessings of childhood, from the shrine away

Where Memory bends to worship? Will ye fade,
Angels of life's bright dawn, who with you led
The sister band of virtues and of hopes
To my young spirit yet unknown? Alas!
All things around, the thoughts, the deeds of life,
To me are but the stream that hastes to hide
Its restless waves beneath the whelming sand,
The desert of the unreturning past!
And who can say, that soon I shall not lose
Remembrance even of being? Still remains,
Imperishable still, the consciousness
Of present life, — that feeling — I exist!
Imperishable! — word how fraught alike
With ignorance and wisdom! And hath time
No power to bid it perish? What is time?
What is eternity? Existence, what?
What, non-existence? What am I myself?
Ah! lost in doubt, I am indeed the wretch
Whom Pascal "impious" named! Yet have I seen
The woven fabric of this mortal body
By slow degrees decay; while, unsubdued,
The power within, the something which alone
Gives consciousness of being, seemed to say, —
"I only cannot die!" and more and more
Unshadowed, light, ethereal, it became,
And more I felt its immortality,
The more I saw my dissolution near.
Why was the waning torch relumed? Remote
Alike from life and death, I languish here,
Bearing the evils, — and the worst, — of both.
Why was the waning torch relumed? To make

My gloom more palpable? To ensnare anew
My soul in doubt? That I might feel again
My ignorance?

This know I, — that I am!
I think and love, — would be, and think, and love
For ever! But if others love me, know I,
Who question their existence? Then is life
Only a waking dream? Oh gnawing worm,
That silent feeds upon my life's frail strings,
A little, — yet a little! Lo! more light,
More swift than thought, soaring through infinite space,
My spirit met a sainted sister's greeting,
Whose first warm kiss upon a brother's lip
With godlike inspiration filled my soul.
My Antonietta! in those happy days
I felt thou wast, and I drew near to thee;
A feeling true, and powerful, and undying,
As my own consciousness of life and love.
My Antonietta! Memory can recall
One after one thy days, — so few and brief;
They seemed a wreath of roses, terminating
In faded violets of funereal hue,
Thy doom portending! When I also felt
That dire disease, from the maternal breast
To both transmitted, in my pangs I said,
"Such were the pangs, that wore thy life away!"
Spread to the wind were those long locks of gold!
Modest her glance and air as the first dream
Of loving maiden, — bright her face, yet coy,
Like the sweet hope that gilds the prisoner's gloom.

Her form, her mien, an angel's. In her eyes
Were tears for all the wretched; in her breast
Love for all virtue, passion for all beauty.
My mother's pride she grew, — my own delight;
While dared no passing eye, with glance profane,
Gaze on her loveliness, in crowded streets
Or halls of mirth; but, like a holy thing,
Alone thou grew'st, — my sister! my delight,
My mother's pride! With me thou sharedst the lore
Of far lands' languages; with me partook'st
The pictured dance; with me the torch's light,
Whose beam illumed the gloom of ages past.
And when above the harp thy fair form drooped,
How drank my soul those Eden melodies,
Watching thy gliding hand, as swift it flew,
Like a white dove, along the quivering chords!

The clock had struck the hour. It was an eve
Of Autumn's loveliest. How many such
I 've passed among thy festive hills, Monsori,
Beholding, with my sister, all the scenes
Sublime of nature! My impatient steeds
Trampled the echoing ground; one kiss, — but one, —
To mother, sisters, — while the chain our arms
Then wove, was of the heart, and round the heart.
No words can tell what in that scene of silence
Was felt! a scene that might have wrought to love
The Arch-demon's soul, — a being void of love!
Away I rushed, fast borne by chariot-wheels.
I turned, and on the parting spot she stood,
The angelic girl, waving her snowy kerchief,

(Image of her heart's purity,) still speeding
Her blessing towards my path. That hour! that chain!
No more, no more! Be hushed this aching throb,
Which burned as burned the fiery wheels! Then leaning
Into the air, in anguish I invoked
That holy calm, which, like the Halcyon's wing
Hovers o'er passion's waves and they are still.
My ancestral fields were passed; then rose before me
The high domes of Milan. The evening air,
The motion, which o'erpowered my sense at first,
Slowly revived me, and my fevered blood
More freely flowed; while o'er each fibre stole
That gentle melancholy, which imputes
Language and omens to surrounding things.
I mused: — "Thus, like the rapid chariot-wheels
The days of man roll on; thus swiftly comes
The evening of our life, and we go down
To the dark chambers of the sepulchre.
What then succeeds?" — I shuddered: — while I thought,
The dews of night, that on the Insubrian fields
Fell heavily, dropped coldly from my brow.
"Thus weep they at the hearth-stone I have left!"
Faltering I said; and on my cheek there stood
Drops warmer than the dew. Yet busy thought
Persisted; — "To the evening of our life
What shall succeed?" Meanwhile, above, around,
My eyes sought other themes for meditation;
The mind repelled them all, when suddenly,
A glorious vision, in the sky revealed,
Met my rapt gaze; a form "clothed with the sun,

The moon beneath her feet, and on her head
A diadem of stars!" The sun had set,
Upon the shadowed plain the dense mist hung
Like a gray curtain; yet one lingering ray,
Like a red torch, on the bronzed statue smote,—
The virgin's statue, pedestalled afar
Upon the Gothic temple's obelisk.
There ever seems a mystic sympathy
Between the world without and the mind's world,
To one point tending. Truths are thus revealed,
Which reason, unassisted, fails to reach.
Thus,—let the cold materialist be mute!—
Thus arguing, with an earnest voice I cried,
Deep, heartfelt: "To the evening of our life
Succeeds a day, that knows no setting sun!"
With joy I gazed upon the breathing statue,
That reigned sublime o'er all the sleeping world,
As if to me the pledge of hope not vain.
Faith would have said: "It surely is a symbol!"
I entered thus Milan, but could not bear
To rest in my ancestral palace;—yet
The halls which saw my childhood's sports, and knew
The eager pantings of a youthful breast,
Still immature, were there. There, yet a child,
One livelong night, I bent above the page
That bore my country's history, burning ever
With anger and with grief, as I compared
Modern degeneracy with ancient virtue.
It is not age which moulds the unservile heart;
Thus nature stamped it; even in infancy
The lofty soul shines out. How vile the yoke

Ever, I felt: but bitterer, viler far
The stranger's yoke, the stranger's scorn! I rose,
And o'er that book, with hand upraised to heaven,
I breathed the impassioned vow: — "Ye holy walls!
Conscious of sacred joys I 've proved within you,
Be all domestic peace to me denied,
If through far lands I wander not, to seek
Customs, alliances, and laws, — to give
The boon of life, — new life, — to Italy."
I quenched my dying lamp, but with the gloom
Sleep came not to my couch. From that high hour,
Wandering o'er earth and sea, creative mind
Revived a glorious throng of patriot dead,
And in their visioned presence felt the joy
Of the soul's union, as of equal's love!
Behold those walls! Streets, ramparts, — all are past;
Again I breathed the air in fields and plains,
Sad, — for I left the country of my birth,
And left her wretched, — with my thoughts alone,
Like the pure moon that walked the starless sky.
Through cities and through countries, near and far,
I roamed; here paused, there passed with restless speed;
Uncertain oft, for knowledge eager still,
Never content. From wonder on to wonder,
The three-fold Babel, — London, Paris, Rome, —
Whirled me. Yet, yet, — forbear! O'er Europe wandering
With mind untaught, I looked not on the world
With judging eyes; to learn, my only aim.
Mind strove with mind, — each in the conflict vast
Repelled, — repelling. That colossal form,

That shadowed Europe's plains, treading at once
On Calpe's burning summit and the towers
Of frozen Dantzic, tottered to its fall:
Beneath the dread and mighty ruin crushed,
Lay all the domes of social policy,
Again to be upreared. Then, through all lands
Spreading its sound, went forth a trumpet voice
Proclaiming loud, — a congress! Nations heard
Exulting, even as Israel's weeping sons
Exulted, exiles by Euphrates' stream,
When to their ears the welcome edict came
Of Artaxerxes. Like that chosen race,
Led by their chiefs, the assembled nations rose,
In their right hand the sword, and in their left
Bearing the trowel, crying: "Let us build
The new Jerusalem!" Amazed and pale,
The trembling sovereigns promised, — promised all, —
In His dread name who makes the stars, the deep,
Shake at his awful nod; who humbles thrones,
And bids them rise; who to the scaffold's shame
Drives the stern despot from his seat, or hurls him
In the scorned dust of ocean-isles forgotten!
The lesson was before the eyes of kings,
Recent, — tremendous! And the moment, new,
Unmatched in earth's wide history. All, all trusted;
All, to their homes returning, then expected
That they, — the angels who o'er public weal
Preside, — from the empyrean should draw down
That Crystal City, from whose gates should flow
Life-giving waters. "But the Lord of Hosts

Ne'er with the slothful dwells ! " Yet dreaming still,
Deluded, they beheld the streams of peace,
In countless channels, watering every soil ;
Each father seemed at his loved door to stand,
And in his consort's smile, and the caress
Of playful infancy, to taste the tide
Of that pure peace, which every peasant home,
Field, city, should o'erflow. — " The Lord of Hosts
Ne'er with the slothful dwells ! " Henceforward, now,
Put ye your trust in kings ! They promised — all, —
How few performed ! The corner-stone the many
Had laid, was of a second Babel's tower ;
And as the first great sacrilege destroyed
The earth's one language, Justice in the next
Was overthrown. Fame, honor, to the few !
Shame to the many ! Was not this the hour
To think of freedom for lost Italy ?
Such thought was roused, — the noble cause I joined.

'T was then that angel messenger, who erst
To the pure Hebrew virgin tidings bore
Of her celestial nuptials, and the birth, —
Glad tidings of great joy to all mankind, —
Sought Antonietta ; — from his holy lips
Pouring ambrosial airs, and o'er her head
Fluttering the lightness of his silvery wings,
To the rapt vision of the maid he gave
The youthful partner of her love and life.
Nor yet fulfilled his heavenly task, — beside
The couch of virtuous love he paused, and, spreading

His starry mantle there, with reverent voice
Hailed Antonietta by a mother's name.
Ah wretch! a doting fancy pictured only
The holiest raptures for the holiest
Of human bonds; — joy speaking to the heart
Where virtue reigns, — to me — to me despair!
Despair! What wasting sufferings proved she not
For long, long months, upon her bed of death!
The joyous smile that lights the mother's face,
When first she hears her infant's voice, was hers; —
The smile more fraught with rapture, when the name
Of "mother," scarce articulate, trembles first
On the young lip, — on hers was never seen: —
Her first-born died; and she too, following fast,
Died in her pilgrim's arms. O memory, memory!
Thy glance, too sternly keen, fails yet to pierce
The unuttered anguish of that fatal day!
I gazed, but saw not: with still listening ear
Heard not a sound; tearless and mute I stood,
And cold, as the cold marble o'er her grave.
How broke, and when, my trance? And Italy —
What was become of her? Ah! briefly passed
The dream, — I woke within a prison's walls!

Deep in my riven soul remains the trace
Of fearful misery past; — the fabric's ruin
That crushed me in its fall; — the smouldering bed
Of fires extinguished, — pouring vapors forth
Unwholesome; — all around, a desert waste!

(H.)

OTHER POEMS BY PIERO MARONCELLI.

PSALMO NOTTURNO.

Nell' Africano mar
Tuffa la sua lumiera
Il sole, — e discompar.

L' Indòa innamorata,
Per caso in-evitabile
Dall' amor suo staccata,
Sulle rosate sponde
Di fiumicello vien,
Quando la notte ascose
Tutte le cose = tien.

Con placido delirio,
Scalza, le chiome sciolta,
La poverella Indòa
Guarda, o l'eterea volta,
O i fior = tra lor = simpatici
Ch' è studio suo raccor.
E con amica invidia
Accosta ed incatena
Quel separato amor;

È tàlamo paténa
D' argilla molle ancor,
È teda in mezzo a quella
D' olio un esil fiammella.
Tremando, inginocchiata,
Tremando, quell' argillea
Prònuba navicella
Sul fiume ecco ha varata,
E mira pur tremando
Qual essa barcollando
Sortisca ramingar,
E in-proferito cantico
Sembra al Signore alzar.

La poverella Indòa,
Se sovra l' onde in-stabili
Il caro lumicin
Vede securo splendere
Per tutto suo cammin,
Si leva, e consolata
Ringrazia il buon Signor,
Che la parola grata
Susurrale nel cor;
"Vive qual vive il lume
"Il tuo lontano amor."
Chè il braccio che proteso
Fe' i cieli, e quanto appar;
Che le saette scaglia,
Che gli aquilon' disfrena,

Che le tempeste innalza
Sovra il turbineo mar;
Che sa sotto tremenda
Di nuvoloni tenda
La furibonda notte
Nel mezzo giorno trar;
E, con-clavato il cielo,
Al palpitante mondo
Il càos minacciar;
Poi sa in un lampo avvolgerla,
E sulla destra il sole,
Sull' altra stà la luna,
Ed ambo Ei guida, e il giorno
A un emisfer risplende,
Mentre nell' altro il vergine
Pallor la luna accende;
E in-numeri delizie
Versan dell' uom sul cor,
E in-numeri sui campi
Delle stagion pompeggiano
I vicendati onor; —

Che, a illuminar dell' etere
Le creature belle,
Nella cerulea cupola
Lampe appendea le stelle; —
Quel braccio istesso or l'onda
Da sponda a sponda = infrena;
Quei con amor sa reggere
D' argilla or la paténa;
Quei dilungare il vento

Dal caro lumicin,
Onde securo viva
Per tutto suo cammin,
Nè con bugiardo annunzio
Alla in-nocente intorbidi
I dolci suoi mattin'.

Oh mio Signore! i miseri
Da te non puoi cacciar!
Del sol l' immensa porpora
Funereamente stesa
Vidi or sull' ampio mar,
E Sè con fronte offesa
Nell' acque sepolcrar,
Ed il Peccato in tènebre
Ne' petti quïetar.

Quïete scelerata,
Va, va da me fugata,
Che nel tremendo buio
Io troverò un altar,
Nè là in-uditi i miseri
Può il mio Signor cacciar.

Signore! amor mio primo,
Primo amor mio tu se'!
Dimmi, tu vivi? — Eterno
Tu, vivi, ah sì, la luce
Della mia fè mel dice,
Che a piedi tuoi m' adduce.

Ma viva tu per me ?
Per me che argilla sono,
Che piccioletta fiamma
Dell' amor tuo m' ho in dono.
E la fiumana a prova
Da tutte parti sbattemi,
E schermo il cor non trova.
Pietà, pietà, Signor !
S' oggi da te in esiglio
Mi travolveva il turbine
Per troppo lungo error,
Deh ! questa notte il cor
Gitti nel porto l' àncora,
E colà trovi il glutine
Che a te l' aggiunga ognor.

HYMN OF THE NIGHT.

(TRANSLATED BY MRS. ELLET.)

In Afric's sea, the king of light
Dips his broad orb and sinks from sight.

Now the enamoured Hindoo maid,
By fate's inevitable will
Parted from him she loves, hath strayed
Beside the floweret-bordered rill.
While night's dusk wings in silence brood
O'er blooming field and glassy flood.

By love to gentle frenzy wrought,
Barefoot, with tresses all unbound,
The deep blue heaven her eye hath sought; —
Now bends she, gathering from the ground
The flowers with mutual feeling fraught.
Filled with fond envy, she hath wove
In one sweet wreath, no more to stray,
The enamoured buds, — their couch of love
A shallow vase of yielding clay; —
Their nuptial torch — a slender light,
That scarce can pierce the gloom of night.
Now trembling, kneeling, on the stream
The bark to love thus consecrate
Lo! she has launched! and as the gleam
Recedes, still trembling, notes the fate
That may her wavering charge await,
Murmuring, unheard, to God her hymn.

And, if along the unstable tide
Her cherished torch the maid behold
With fadeless beam securely glide
Through all its pilgrim-course, — consoled
She rises, praising Him who saves;
Who bids distrustful fear remove, —
"As lives thy light upon the waves,
So lives thy distant love!".
The same omnipotent hand, which spread
The heavens, and all things else hath made, —
Which speeds the arrowy lightnings forth, —
Uncurbs the fierce winds of the north, —

The winged and sweeping storm sets free
Upon the wild tumultuous sea, —
Which, 'neath a fearful canopy
Of clouds, can bring unnatural night
To scowl o'er noontide's fairest light, —
And, heaven shut out, a panting world
  Menace with chaos, whelming all,
Then, swift as lightning bolts are hurled,
  Roll back the interminable pall,
And lo! revealed on either hand,
The moon, the sun, in brightness stand! —
He guide and Lord of both! while day
O'er half the world extends his sway,
And where his empire ends, on high
The pale moon walks the midnight sky,
Filling with joy the human heart,
  Crowning the seasons in their flight
With honors varying as they part,
With ever new delight; —

Which hung in yon blue dome afar,
A lamp of heaven, each radiant star,
  To light his hosts above, —
That hand, from shore to shorelet, now
Calms the rude billows as they flow;
That hand, almighty, now can guide
Her vessel on the treacherous tide;
Can bid the impatient winds remove,
  That they harm not the cherished ray;
  That, gliding safely on its way,
Her breast of pure and trusting love

May feel no pang, of false fear born,
To blight young life's yet cloudless morn.

My God! Oh! banished ne'er from Thee
The wretched or the lost can be!
Even now upon the ample wave
  Was spread the purple pall of day;
Now, sinking to his billowy grave,
  Sinking with brow displeased away,
The sun has left, with darkness, rest
To guilt within the sinner's breast.

  False, impious rest, away!
Far from this bosom! Even here,
  Here, in the gloom that knows no ray,
My soul shall find an altar near;
Nor here, unheard, or driven from Thee,
Oh God! the wretched e'er can be!

Lord! who wert still my earliest friend!
To Thee my heart's first hopes ascend!
Thou livest! — in thine eternity —
  So speaks the beam, in sorrow's night
Of faith that leads my soul to Thee;
  Even as the Hindoo's votive light
    Speaks of her absent love:
But liv'st Thou, throned in bliss above,
  For me, the vessel frail of clay,
  Where gleams with feeble ray
  The love thy goodness gave, —

The sport of fate's impetuous tide,
Beset by waves on every side,
With none — with none to save!
Save Thou! If, far from Thee this day
By pitiless tempests driven,
In error's dangerous gloom I stray,
Oh! be thy succour given!
This night my heart's sure anchor cast
In the blest port from danger free;
Where, taught by fear and suffering past,
I ne'er may wander, Lord! from Thee!

PSALMO ANTE-LUCANO.

I.

Surgerà la nova Aurora
Che le cose
Ricolora,
Che le messi
Rabbiondisce,
Onde l' anima gioisce,
E le svela al pellegrino,
Che Dio loda in suo cammino,
Rimirando i lieti vulti
Degli in-fanti,
Degli adulti,
Esclamanti: — "Il Creator
Benedisse al pio cultor!"

II.

Surgerà la nova Aurora,
Che le cose
Ricolora;
Che al Settembre i dolci grappoli,
E i moltiplici pometi,
Tinge in luce auri-rubinea,
O in color mill' altri lieti;
Che al Novembre il nebuloso
Manto ingrigia in ch' ei temibile
Piange sulla sepultura
Della squallida natura.

III.

Anche l' uomo in que' dì piange
Il fratel che più non è,
Pur ei sa che per un tempo,
Per un tempo
Lo perdè;
E il conforta
La speranza
Di trovarlo in miglior stanza;
E frattanto,
Col suo pianto,
Intercede dal Signor,
Ch' ei sia giudice d' amor.

IV.

Ma qual luce
Brillar veggio
Sulla in-culta
Sepultura
Della squallida natura?
È la stella
Desïata
Che al vernal solstizio segue;
E di queta
Mezza-notte,
Vien nel Cielo effigïata,
Come vergine che al petto
Stringe un caro
Pargoletto.

V.

Dio quel simbolo
In ciel pose,
Il dì ch' Eva
Pria cadeva,
E l' infetta
Stirpe abbietta
Promettea rigenerar;
Com' ogni anno allo spuntar
Della vergine che al petto
Stringe un caro
Pargoletto,
Il mortal vede natura
Rispuntar da sepultura.

VI.

Così l' angiol della vita
La traea dal sen del nulla;
Ella in-fante, in-avvertita,
Dorme i sonni
Della culla,
Sotto coltrice di neve,
Che, qual morbida bambagia,
Dalle nubi
Dio fioccò;
Ei che povero si fece,
E la in-fanzia
Tanto amò.

VII.

Surgerà la nova Aurora,
Che le cose
Ricolora,
E alla coltrice benefica
Faccia candida
Ella dì,
Perchè addicesi
Il candore
A in-fantil semplicità;
Ma un più lucido tesoro
Dalla fronte
Sua sincera
A natura
Verserà,
Quando giunta a primavera
De' suoi germi esulterà.

VIII.

E con l' ape il rosignol
Spiegheran di novo il vol,
Chè d'amor la dis-sopìta
Virtù dolce ai fior li invita;
E quei voli,
Quell' amor,
Frutti, nebbie,
Nevi, e fior,
Ciascun parla in suo linguaggio,
"Santo, santo è il Creator!"

IX.

Ma nell' uom tuo divo raggio
In-estinto è notte e dì;
Ed il grido
Dell' omaggio
Dal mio core a te salì,
Pria che prò-nuba l' Aurora
Con man rosea il bruno vel
Via togliesse = e sorridesse,
Maritando terra e ciel.
Ah! che al figlio
Del dolore
Pur sorride
Tua bontà!
Indi il povero mio core
Sempre il giorno anti-verrà.

HYMN BEFORE THE DAWN.

WRITTEN IN IMPRISONMENT.

(TRANSLATED BY MRS. ELLET.)

I.

The young dawn shall arise,
  Earth in its vesture to enfold;
In its reviving rays
  The harvests wave in richer gold!
These lift the soul to praise; —
  The pilgrim marks them in the opening day,
    And blesses on his way
Their Maker's love, — while all around
On every face the smile is found,
And hymns of joy their grateful hearts attest, —
"Our God the pious husbandman hath blest!"

II.

The young dawn shall arise,
  To crown with light the earth,
And tinge with new and varied dyes
  Fruits of autumnal birth.
It bids September's clustering vine
With hues of gold and purple shine,
And drink fresh lustre from its ray; —
  It lightens sad November's gloom,
When, in his mantle cold and gray,
  He seems to weep o'er sunken nature's tomb.

III.

Man, also, in those days of woe,
Perchance, his parted brother weeps: —
Knowing that, from all eyes below
Snatched for a time, the lost one sleeps.
Yet hope breathes comfort to his soul,
And points where friends shall meet above; —
Meanwhile the tears that mock control
Implore the righteous Lord of love,
That He in judgment may His mercy prove.

IV.

But lo! what sudden gleam
Breaks upon nature's tomb?
Enlivening, with its new-born beam,
Her burial-place of gloom?
Pouring its welcome light
Upon the withered earth, —
Brightening December's deep midnight, —
The long-sought Sign comes forth!
Pictured in heaven's pure face,
Appears the Virgin blest,*
Straining, in close embrace,
The Infant to her breast.

* The constellation of Virgo, which makes its appearance first at midnight on the 24th of December, immediately after the winter solstice; — at which time, it is believed, incipient vegetation commences.

V.

God's hand that glorious sign
  Placed in yon heaven to dwell,
When first from innocence divine
  Our erring mother fell.
He promised, with His sovereign grace,
To raise and bless our guilty race,
  To sin and suffering born;
As, in each year's exulting morn,
When bearing hope the virgin blest
Appears, and strains in close embrace
  The Infant to her breast, —
All nature wakes, and mortal eyes
Behold her from the grave arise.

VI.

Now draws her from death's bosom first
  The angel of creative will: —
She, in her wintry cradle nursed,
  Of infant life unconscious still,
Sleeps in the cold and shrouding bed,
Which God of fleecy snows hath spread.
God — humbled once to mortal birth,
Who o'er the infancy of earth
His consecrating love hath shed.

VII.

The young dawn shall arise,
Crowning the earth with light,
While glows more brightly in its smile,
Emblem of childhood void of guile,
Earth's robe of wintry white.
But charged with richer gifts, the beam
From morning's radiant brow will gleam,
When spring with gentle steps shall come
To rear with joy her flowery home.

VIII.

The bee and nightingale of spring
Will spread anew the exulting wing, —
Love, sweetly breathing from her bowers,
Invite them to the awakened flowers, —
And every wanderer's happy flight —
Fruits — clouds — and snows — and flowerets bright —
Speak language various, yet the same, —
"Praise to our great Creator's name!"

IX.

But in man's breast, oh God! thy light
Shines still unquenched, by day and night!
And from this bosom sped,
The breath of homage shall ascend,
Each morn, before the youthful day
Comes smiling on his roseate way,

The enclosing veil of gloom to rend,
And earth with heaven to wed!
The son of sorrow — still o'er me
Thy goodness reigns, with ceaseless sway;
And ever shall my hymn to Thee,
Grateful, anticipate the day!

VERSES.

"My life is like the summer rose,
That opens to the morning sky,
But ere the shades of evening close
Is scattered on the ground to die.
But on the rose's humble bed
The sweetest dews of night are shed;
As if she wept such waste to see, —
But none shall weep a tear for me!

"My life is like the autumn leaf,
That trembles in the moon's pale ray;
Its hold is frail, — its date is brief,
Restless, and soon to pass away.
But ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree shall mourn its shade: —
The winds bewail the leafless tree, —
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

" My life is like the print, which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
The track shall vanish from the sand.
Yet still, as grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea; —
But none shall e'er lament for me! "

SULLO STESSO SOGGETTO.

Estiva rosa somiglia mia vita
Che schiude al soffio-mattutino, e regna;
Ma pria che l' ombra-della-sera vegna,
Quella gloria-d'-un-giorno, ecco sparita.
Notte con l' ali brune alfin coprilla!
E clementi or su lei piove rugiade,
Quasi ella pianga una beltà che cade!...
Ma non fia chi per me pianga una stilla!

Foglia d' autunno somiglia mia vita
Che trema al raggio della mesta luna;
Mal tiensi al ramo, ed a ciò sol sortita:
— "*Spuntar, morire, e posa aver niuna.*" —
Pria ch' ella cada, il tronco vedovato
Va dolorando la fuggente ombría;
Sibila l' aria a quel compianto pia!
Ma ov' è per me un sospiro innamorato?

Orma pedestre somiglia mia vita
Ch' uom stampò sull' in-òspita Pontina;
L' onda appena alla riva è giù fluita,
L' onda quell' orma s' ingòlla e stermína.
Casso così d' umano apparimento,
Al lito maladetto il mar compiange,
Con urlo il fugge, — ed altre piagge ei tange.
Ma non fia chi per me mandi un lamento!

VERSES.

"Like southern birds, whose wings of light
Are cold and hueless while at rest, —
But, spread to soar in upward flight,
Appear in glorious plumage drest, —

"The poet's soul, while darkly close
Its pinions, bids no passion glow;
But, roused at length from dull repose,
Lights, while it spurns, the world below."

SULLO STESSO SOGGETTO.

Pennuto abitator di rive australi
Cui man di Dio vestite ali à di lume,
Se al ramo adagia, — le incantate piume
Ecco discolorate ed in-vitali.
In sull' alba lentando indi l' arsura

L' iride trïonfal di novo assume
E vola, — e fa più bei Cielo e Natura.

Così il poeta. In sè medesmo stretto
Muraglia di tenèbre il circon-valla,
Nè impero indi à sovra cognato petto.
Ma si dissonna! — ed alla cieca gente
Che in folla il mondo-miserando avvalla
Ei porta il dì, qual lucido orïente.

THE END.

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